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The Last Farewell to Potsdam

UNLESS something unexpected occurs, this week-end will see the virtual abrogation by the Western Powers of the Potsdam Agreement. By next Monday or Tuesday, the draftsmen should have ready for signature the complex of Treaties and Contractual Agreements under which West Germany is to be transformed from an enemy-occupied territory into an armed ally of the Atlantic Powers. In view of the fact that public opinion throughout Western Europe is either luke-warm or bitterly hostile to this plan, the completion of the negotiations in Bonn and Paris must be reckoned a very considerable achievement of high-pressure American diplomacy.

Long before his public decision to seek nomination as a Presidential candidate, General Eisenhower had forsaken strictly military affairs for politics and dedicated himself to the cause of the European Defence Community as the first stage on the way to a federal union. In this task he has been supported from Washington by the threats and blandishments of Mr. Acheson and occasional outbursts from an impatient Congress. Indeed it was only the knowledge that American military aid would be cut off unless they rapidly came to heel which has brought the leaders of Europe to the point of signing these agreements. Thus the ceremonies at Bonn will set a precedent. They mark the first important occasion on which the U.S. has used its vast ascendancy of power not, as in the original Marshal Plan conception, to assist its European allies, but to discipline its European dependents.

This American diplomatic victory, however, is as yet neither complete nor final. If the assent of M. Schuman, Dr. Adenauer, and Mr. Eden is sufficient for the signature, ratification requires in each country a Parliamentary debate and a vote. The American Senate may conceivably give a lead by ratifying the Contractual Agreement at once, and simultaneously approving the proposed American guarantee for the European Defence Community. But will any European Government dare to follow the American example? Such haste would be an admission that they had no sincere desire for a Four-Power Agreement. For appearances' sake, we imagine, some effort will have to be made to test whether the Russians mean what they say about all-German elections. Until this has been done, even the U.S. cannot feel confident that the German Bundestag will ratify either the E.D.C. or the Contractual Agreement. Apart from implacable Social-democratic hostility, the coalition of parties on which Dr. Adenauer depends might easily split if a vote were pressed at this juncture.

What matters, therefore, is whether during this summer, before the partition of Germany becomes an irrevocable fact, a last effort will be made to reach an agreed solution. The prospects are not very bright. It is even arguable whether the Russians are really prepared to see the end of the Communist regime in East Germany in exchange for the sacrifice by the Western Powers of a German contribution to the E.D.C., and, indeed, to judge by Mr. Acheson's and Mr. Eden's most recent statements, it is all too likely that even if Stalin should accept this basis of a settlement, it would now be rejected by the Western Powers. In the recent debate, Mr. Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd both re-emphasised Mr. Acheson's view that a united Germany must be free to join the Atlantic Pact. This, of course, would imply unconditional surrender by the Kremlin, and it probably means that the West is not prepared to do business in conference.

The most probable course of events, therefore, is that, after an interlude to permit of some semi-sincere negotiation with the Russians, the Agreements will be ratified and the integration of Western Germany will become an accomplished fact. But what then? The Russians can build fifteen German divisions in Eastern Germany long before the twelve West German divisions are mustered, far less trained. West Berlin can be subjected to a new war of nerves, and West German business men to fresh measures of economic blockade. What General Eisenhower and Mr. Acheson are courting is the creation of a new and more dangerous Korean Parallel in the middle of Europe.

Transport Impolicy

The Transport White Paper received a terrible hammering in the Commons on Wednesday, not only from Mr. Morrison but also from some of Mr. Churchill's most respected supporters. Nothing, indeed, was said by the Government to controvert the view that their proposals are designed for purely political ends and bear no relation to the requirements of an efficient transport industry. The Opposition extracted a promise that compensation—from the levy on road haulage—would be paid to workers displaced by the transfer from public ownership. Since the levy as now envisaged is almost certainly not large enough to compensate the railways for loss of traffic, this new undertaking is likely to involve an increase on the original £4m. Mr. Morrison stated Labour's position firmly and, we believe, correctly. When returned to power, Labour will re-nationalise such operable units as are necessary for a properly integrated transport system and see to it "that the public purse does not pay again for what has already been paid for out of the funds of public authorities." Moreover the right will be reserved to leave to the private owners "services or vehicles which for any reason are not needed, or because of neglect are not worth having." This is the right line; it does not tie Labour's hands in detail, but it leaves no doubt about their objective. Mr. Churchill really cannot complain if, when he trails his coat, the Opposition tread on it more heavily than he expects.

Trade with China

The China traders' decision to "withdraw" but to set up some form of association through which attempts may be made to continue trading is sensible. It would be futile for British firms to struggle on uneconomically without any prospect that their business would justify their overheads. If any trade is to be done, under present circumstances, it can only be done by direct agreement between the Chinese Government agencies and some centralised body representing all British interests. No doubt the Chinese would prefer to conduct business through a body set up by the delegates who have just returned from Peking, but they would probably do better to deal with a recognised group which could really speak with authority. Its establishment now could be meant as a riposte to the Moscow and Peking talks; it could be the prelude to the withdrawal of British recognition, if a rebuff follows the British Note to Peking. But it is almost certainly the best chance, in present circumstances, on the official level, to restore British trade with China.

Competitive Television?

The opponents of sponsored programmes have obviously been relieved by Mr. Churchill's decision, in spite of the pressure of the advertising lobby on his back benches, to retain the present structure of the B.B.C. for another ten years; and the remote prospect of the commercial stations promised in the White Paper has apparently persuaded some that this document is a triumph of moderation. We cannot share this view. What the Government in fact proposes is the eventual application of some variant of the Australian and Canadian broadcasting systems to television in this country. The B.B.C. would retain a monopoly of sound-casting and would continue to receive all licence revenue on television as well as radio sets; for that reason it would be forbidden by the Postmaster-General to accept any advertising. On the other hand, commercial stations, financed solely by advertising, would be encouraged, when the capital investment programme permits it, to compete with the B.B.C. under unspecified safeguards, to be defined by Parliament and operated by a British equivalent of the American Federal Communications Commission.

It is true that, with nearly three years of the rearmament programme still to go, the chances of a Tory Government surviving to implement this White Paper are remote. But this should not deter the Opposition from exposing the dangers of its proposals. There was at least a financial argument for permitting the B.B.C. to obtain part of the enormous extra revenue necessary for television by a strictly controlled and limited experiment in sponsored broadcasts. This proposal, however, has been rejected by the Cabinet. Instead, it prefers to keep the B.B.C. non-commercial, and allow commercial stations to compete with it. Ideologically, this may be good Conservatism. But it disregards the lessons of Canada and Australia, where non-commercial Government radio competes with sponsored programmes. Their experience has been that bad programmes drive out good.

Mr. Sandys and the Lamp Cartel

Mr. Duncan Sandys this week announced the Government's acceptance of all but one of the Monopolies Commission's recommendations concerning the conditions of sale of electric lamps. At the same time he said that the firms included in the manufacturers' cartel had accepted the recommendations and had agreed to carry them out, and that in the circumstances he did not propose to make any binding regulations, but would leave it to be seen whether the new conditions were being voluntarily observed. The one recommendation he refused to accept was that the system of "aggregation of quantity rebates," where lamps are ordered from more than one firm within the cartel, should be ended—his argument being that this would work to the disadvantage of the smaller cartellised firms. The main effects of the recommendations will be the disappearance of sales quotas and of sanctions designed to enforce resale price maintenance, the removal of the ban on payment of dividends on purchases of lamps from Co-operative Societies, and the removal of discrimination against producers outside the cartel by suppliers of lamp components who are members of it. The cartellised firms have also agreed to maintain a supply of the cheaper types of lamp and to stop payments to distributors' associations.

Mr. Sandys himself has said that he does not expect the new conditions to lead to any considerable fall in prices, but only to rather less restricted competition. Indeed, it may not even have this result. The system of giving price rebates according to quantity remains in force and will continue to give the cartel an advantage over the very limited competition it has to face. In effect, the changes are to the good as far as they go, but electric lamps are unlikely to cost much less or last much longer.

The Tories and Industry

The net result of Mr. Butler's second thoughts on the Excess Profits Levy is that industry will get only £68m., instead of £100m., in profits tax relief, while the E.P.L. concessions will cost the Treasury over £50m. The most important of the amendments designed to temper the wind for City lambs are (1) the right to choose the two best out of the three years 1947-49 as the "standard" period for assessing excess profits; (2) the reduction, from 18 per cent. to 15 per cent., in the maximum liability; and (3) the raising of the allowance on new capital. Apart from the additional concessions given to overseas rubber and tin-mining companies, this revision of the Levy represents a considerable degree of appeasement to the Government's supporters in Big Business. To judge, however, from Stock Exchange reactions, the City is not noticeably grateful for these small mercies, and is complaining more bitterly than ever that the total rate of tax payable on distributed profits is a disincentive burden.

A Landlords' Bill

A Scottish Correspondent writes: Deer poaching, one of the Highland crofters' traditional means of increasing their food supplies, will become a very serious crime, punishable by extraordinarily heavy penalties, if the Poaching of Deer (Scotland) Bill becomes law. It has now passed through the Lords, and despite the pressure of other business, the Government apparently intends to get it through the Commons this summer if it can.

The maximum penalty for poaching deer is now a fine of £20. This is to be increased to a maximum of £100 and two years' imprisonment. Where two or more people are acting together the maximum is to be a £500 fine, again with two years' imprisonment. For the first time, the poacher's deer, vehicle, boat or firearm is to be confiscated. It becomes an offence, which can be proved by a single witness, to be in possession of a deer or a firearm in circumstances which "give reasonable ground for suspecting" that poaching has taken place. There are also new powers of search. The landlords in the House of Lords qualified their welcome for this Bill by demanding that their gamekeepers be given powers of arrest. This the Government has promised to consider.

In support of these draconian penalties the Earl of Home, Scottish Minister of State, painted a vivid picture of the depredations of gangs of poachers motoring from "large towns" and mowing down deer with automatic weapons. But neither the Earl nor anyone else has produced any evidence to prove that such gangs exist, or that deer have been killed in this way, except possibly in isolated cases. While the Bill is said to be aimed at "gang" poaching, the heavy penalties apply to all poaching, for the simple reason that deer are rarely poached by less than two men. A single man cannot handle the carcase.

There is, in fact, no analogy between deer and salmon, which were seriously menaced by "gang" poachers. There are far too many deer. In the 196 deer forests, which extend to more than three million acres, there are from 100,000 to 150,000 deer. As the optimum number has been estimated at 60,000, it is far more urgent to reduce

the number of deer, which destroy crops and live on much ground that could be grazed by sheep and cattle. Yet the effect of the Bill will be to increase the number of deer.

PARIS

An Editor's Defence

Our Paris Correspondent writes: If any paper other than *Le Monde* had published the "Fechteler Document" the whole matter would have been forgotten in a day or two. The hullabaloo over it, not only in France but also abroad, must therefore be considered a handsome tribute to *Le Monde's* great reputation and influence. To see *Le Monde* tripped up certainly caused some embarrassment to all those who think it not only the most independent, but also one of the best papers in Europe; and it filled its enemies both in France and abroad with such glee that some screamed for Government action, and some even for police action. As if there was a paper in the world that had never made a mistake!

But how big a mistake was it? It is certainly not comparable to the mistake made by *The Times* over the Parnell Papers, and the article written in Monday's *Le Monde* in self-defence by its Editor, M. Beuve-Méry, though rather lame in spots—for instance, on the question whether it was right or wrong to publish a document about whose authenticity he was *almost*, but not *absolutely* sure—made a number of direct hits. Why, for instance, did the Americans, including Fechteler, dismiss the whole thing as "fantastic" when, in reality, a large part of this report turned out to be direct transcript of an article published in the *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings* by Commander Talerico, an associate of Admiral Fechteler and of Admiral Carney? Why also did Talerico lie low until a bright Dutch journalist had discovered where large parts of the "Fechteler Report" had been "cribbed" from? And was it not inefficient of Fechteler's young men to have "spent a whole week-end searching for any possible basis" of *Le Monde's* document, when they only had to look up a few back numbers of the semi-official U.S. Navy publication?

As far as the top priority to be given to the Mediterranean in the next war against Russia was concerned, the only mistake *Le Monde* made was to attribute the smoke to a slightly wrong fire. A more serious error was to assume that Fechteler had also written passages concerning the almost instantaneous collapse of the European Army, invasion of Britain by 150,000 paratroops, etc. The most that Beuve-Méry found to say was to quote the same *Proceedings*, which recently published an article by Commander C. S. Arthur, in its own way quite as alarming as the "forged" passages of the "Fechteler Document." Not only did he advocate a "scorched earth" policy throughout Western Europe in the event of a Russian advance, but also said that from the standpoint of U.S. strategy "it would be much easier if Europe did not exist at all."

Finally, Beuve-Méry said that, if he was "taken in" by the "Fechteler Document," which had been procured by somebody in the Secret Service (here no names were mentioned), it was because French official persons, who knew all about it, had also been "taken in." What he apparently still feels is that, if the publication of the "Document" was a bad *technical* mistake, it was not a major *political* mistake; and that since American military and naval experts are undoubtedly messing about with all sorts of dangerous ideas involving the fate of Europe, surely Europe is entitled to know a little more about the nature of American planning for the next war.

WASHINGTON

Is Harriman Harry's Man?

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Mr. Truman has carefully refrained from committing himself to any of the would-be Democratic candidates now in the field. But the time is rapidly approaching when he, and the other leaders of the Party, must make a decision, unless they are prepared to let the National Convention get out of hand. The party in power likes to pick its candidates carefully. A large volume of the voting strength of the delegates to the Democratic Convention remains uncommitted. In hard practical terms the decision involves selecting the contender to whom these votes will be thrown in Chicago.

Originally Chief Justice Vinson was Truman's choice for the mantle of succession. Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois was the second. After both had bowed out Averell Harriman emerged as a possible third. But Harriman is a late starter, he is by nature shy, and he is virtually unknown to the rank and file of the professional politicians, let alone to more disinterested American voters. The question which has dominated Washington speculation during the last fortnight is whether Harriman could launch his personal campaign in time to secure the support of both President Truman and the party bosses.

Time is critical. The President is understood to have given Harriman until the end of this week to get his campaign off the ground. If it is not considered airborne by then, attempts will have to be made to find another standard bearer to support. Getting a campaign off the ground means not only enlisting the support of the party chieftains in the Democratic National Committee but also making a significant impact on public opinion. By all accounts Harriman has done well in his private talks with the professionals. They admire his twenty-year record of public service; they find his personality attractive, and they apparently have been reassured that he would behave as a good party man.

Averell Harriman has been blessed with many gifts, but public speaking is not one of them. He mumbles, he hesitates, he rambles and at times he stutters. In large gatherings he can be painfully shy. Yet the last ten days have seen a greatly changed Harriman. He has been taking careful coaching in his public speaking and his television appearances. He has taken to speaking simply and with vigour, and his appearance at the National Press Club last week was a minor sensation.

For he has also been given some shrewd political advice. Instead of concentrating on adding colour to his personality, he has been urged to draw attention to his ideas. The one idea in his speech at the Press Club which was novel, even revolutionary, among Democratic hopefuls was to say quite openly that General Eisenhower would make a bad President, and that he, Harriman, had not only the experience in the executive branch of the Government to qualify him, but also could win. This he has been repeating, in other speeches, with force and effect. He has also been the only candidate for the nomination on the Democratic side to support without reservation the whole record of the Administration from Lease-Lend to the seizure of the steel mills.

Whether Harriman's campaign can be considered off the ground remains to be seen, but at any rate it has not made a crash landing, and at this time he looks like being the most serious opponent of Senator Kefauver. The objections of the Democratic leaders to Kefauver are manifold. Some regard him as a political upstart—a freshman Senator who is cashing in on freak television publicity to seek prizes for which he is not yet eligible. Others are distressed about certain aspects of his voting record. But the main objection of the professionals, as professionals, is that they think Kefauver can't win—that he will lose the Negro vote in certain key Northern States. They would prefer someone who, like Harriman, would espouse the whole Fair Deal programme, including compulsory Federal Fair Employment Practices legislation. Yet Kefauver has shown himself to be a vote winner in many primary elections, and Harriman has personally fought none. As November approaches, and the Democrats take increasing heart that they have a chance of victory yet again—even against Eisenhower, who is still far away from clinching the Republican nomination—the need for a potential winner becomes more and more imperative.

WESTMINSTER

Women's Pay Parade

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Last Friday's Commons debate on equal pay for women was a fascinating occasion. Most Members of all parties, in response to persistent lobbying, have committed themselves to the principle. All administrations, including Mr. Attlee's, have refused to implement it. How, then, would the new Tory Government react to pressure on this matter from the new Labour Opposition? And how would Tory M.P.s, driven into the Chamber by the regiments of militant women parading the Lobbies, find the face to support their Chancellor in reaffirming the old excuses?

Many Labour Members, who usually pass their Fridays in long-distance trains to Durham or South Wales, did not conceal their pleasure at the Tory dilemma, and turned up in strength with the hope of forcing a vote. The movers of the motion, Mr. Pannell and Mr. Houghton, thought otherwise. They drafted their motion in terms which even a deflationary Chancellor could accept, believing, apparently, that, by forgoing Party advantage, they would commit the Chancellor to early action more successfully than by forcing him to vote against them. Some of their colleagues, deprived of a Parliamentary killing, took a sour view of such exemplary self-denial; but the women may have cause to be grateful. The debate itself was distinguished by an admirable speech from Mr. Pannell, characteristically militant contributions from Miss Ward and Mrs. Castle (these two, cast in the suffragette mould, have been irrepressible advocates of equal pay, no matter which Party is in power), and a courageous effort, which delighted the Labour benches, from Mr. Legge-Bourke, who does not believe in equal pay and does not mind saying so.

The Finance Bill discussions this week have been notable for the first substantial revolt on the Tory benches against the Chancellor. Led by Mr. Horobin, a sizable group fired heavy salvoes at the Excess Profits Levy. The Chancellor staunchly affirmed that he would not be deflected from his course "by any criticism on either side"; but, without presumably being deflected, made concessions worth £25m. net. Even so, Government Whips were observed to be adopting what is sometimes called a threatening attitude towards some of their supporters, whose gratitude for this concession appeared to be qualified by nostalgic thoughts of the dear, dead days when enterprise was really free. The Chancellor carried the day all right, but the repercussions of this rebellion may haunt him for some time to come. As Mr. Horobin tactlessly pointed out: "This is a matter of vital principle for the Conservative Party."

The Price of Tory Policy

MR. BUTLER evidently hopes that the modest increase which he proposes to make in taxation on distributed profits will reinforce effectively the arguments which he deployed last week in favour of "wage restraint." He is doomed to disillusion. One trade union conference after another has shown the determination of delegates to press for substantial advances, and little impression is likely to be made by the Chancellor's arguments.

The Chancellor contended that workers "on average" had already received compensation for the rise in the cost of living; he spoke of having handed back the food subsidy cuts in concessions to income-tax payers and recipients of social benefits. Such talk will carry no conviction with trade unionists, who will retort that the benefits to pensioners and other recipients of social benefits were long overdue; that the income-tax concessions have gone in large measure to the middle classes; and that the profits tax touches only the fringe of the problem of distributing the proceeds of production. Union delegates rightly feel to-day that it is high time to get new claims considered, and that, even so, the cost of living—two points up in April—will rise a good deal further before appropriate wage advances are secured.

The Chancellor tried to reply in advance to the last point by arguing that, if wages can be stabilised, prices need not rise. But he made no promise that the Government would, or could, stabilise the cost of living; and he said significantly little about food prices, many of which show every sign of increasing by much more than the amount by which the subsidies have been reduced. Indeed, to argue that the cost of living would really be stabilised, except as a consequence of a deliberately engineered deflation, would have been to make nonsense of his entire policy; for how can the check to consumption, on which Mr. Butler is banking, come about, except as the result either of large-scale unemployment, or uncompensated higher prices?

This at once raises the question of the right distribution of the burden. If the existing standard of total consumption in Britain must fall, who is to eat less? Mr. Butler has begun by lowering the standards of the mass of the working class by an unrequited addition to the price of food. Are they to accept this passively as the last word in social justice? Higher wages, says Mr. Butler, can now be conceded only in return for higher productivity; and he points to the extent to which the rising curve of production has flattened out. But how does he expect aggregate productivity to rise in the face of widespread short-time in the textile and other industries, and of the losses due to the change-over to armament production? And can he really suppose that the psychological conditions of to-day are favourable to greater effort, even when there are no material obstacles in the way? The lower-paid workers are already disgruntled because of rising prices, and a large section of trade unionists, particularly in skilled trades, feel no enthusiasm for working for intensive rearmament. Nor are they greatly impressed by adjurations to produce more for export to foreign markets which are visibly contracting.

In substance, Mr. Butler's only strong point is that, if prices are now further inflated by large increases in wage costs, and British exports are thus made less competitive in an increasingly difficult world market, the workers will be among the principal sufferers. Of this, the leaders of the trade unions are well aware. But, whatever its element of truth, this argument is unlikely to carry much weight while profits remain high, and while the main changes in taxation which the Government is making are calculated solely to ease the burden on the relatively well-to-do. The fact is that, for a considerable time ahead, there is likely to be a world shortage of foodstuffs, and that, in consequence, Britain will have to cope with consistently unfavourable "terms of trade." Furthermore, with Germany and Japan each launching an intense export drive in the so-called "free world," and the Americans insisting on a trade blockade of the rest of the world, industrial exporters will be ill-placed for getting good prices except in a narrow range of scarce goods; and, in Britain's case, an increase in the export of such goods can be secured only at the expense of rearmament.

This is a problem from which there is no easy way of escape on the assumptions within which Mr. Butler is working. Even if the Americans were to take Mr. Acheson's advice and liberalise their trade policy, instead of clamouring for further protection to meet any signs of an increase in competitive imports, there would be no chance of solving the problem of dollar shortage by any practicable expansion of industrial exports from Europe to the U.S. In a world market half-closed by blockade and balance-of-payment difficulties, and increasingly congested by the industrial revival of Germany and Japan, the situation of Britain would at best be difficult. With the British economy distorted by rearmament on a scale increasingly beyond our capacity, the problem becomes desperate.

This is not to say that the problem will be solved by trade union pressure for higher wages. Indeed, as an accompaniment to Tory policy, wage advances on a large scale will actually make the situation worse from the standpoint of export earnings and the balance of payments. But what are the trade unions to do? They can hardly be expected to acquiesce tamely in a policy which begins, through over-concentration on armaments, by reducing the nation's consumable production, and then deliberately puts the burden of shortage on those least able to bear it, while greater scope in buying is given to the power of the purse. The Chancellor appears to consider that wages in general, and the lower-paid workers' standard of living in particular, are appropriate victims of cold war. He can hardly expect trade unionists to agree or to acquiesce in this reversal of an integral part of the Welfare State policy—the raising of the lower-paid groups towards a better, and more secure, standard of living. The only course open to-day to the industrial side of the Labour Movement is to insist that Tory policy must not have the effect of redistributing wealth at the workers' expense. If this means that they must press adamantly for higher wages to meet actual and prospective rises in living costs, then it is for Mr. Butler and his colleagues to decide whether the luxury of rearmament and electoral appeals to the middle class is worth this price, or whether their policy must be changed under the weight of trade union pressure.

London Diary

I HAVE found considerable difficulty in obtaining the Report of the International Red Cross representatives in South Korea, who have been investigating last February's outbreak of violence at P.W. Compound 62 on the island of Koje. The Report is contained in the April issue of the *Revue Internationale de la Croix Rouge* published at Geneva in French. The headquarters of the British Red Cross Society could give me no help in obtaining the document and the English Supplement to the *Revue* oddly omits it. The Report is in two sections. The first gives an account of the conditions in the compound a couple of weeks prior to the incidents. From this it appears that there was at that time some discontent among the prisoners, though there is no evidence that conditions were much worse than usual in P.W. camps. The second section consists of two statements, one by the Camp Commandant and one by "*un homme de confiance*" from among the prisoners. The investigators report these statements verbatim without attempting to reconcile them or to allocate blame. Nevertheless, there is sufficient common ground between the two to compel the conclusion that the Camp Commandant was guilty of, at least, a tragic error of judgment, and to throw further light on the obscure—but clearly improper—process of "forcible screening." The Report greatly fortifies the proposal made in last week's issue of this journal that all the Korean camps should immediately be placed under neutral international supervision. It also further justifies the doubts, widely held in this country even before this week's new outbreak of unrest on Koje and at Pusan, about the propriety of the American stand "on principle" against the repatriation of 100,000 allegedly reluctant prisoners. It does not, however, justify the disingenuous treatment of the matter in last Saturday's *Daily Worker*, whose lead story was designed to suggest to the casual reader that the International Red Cross had itself branded the U.S. authorities as having "violated every law of the Geneva Convention on the treatment of prisoners."

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It is unfair to criticise the experiment in school television too harshly at this stage, since it is not yet clear what the B.B.C. is trying to do. But some critics, who watched the first tests, are asking whether the B.B.C. knows itself. Why, for instance, did the programme about a lighthouse-keeper deliberately pass-up the exciting chances that television offers? The viewers saw no keeper; there were only a distant shot of an unlit lighthouse, and a series of pictures in which a small boy in a tobacconist's shop asked questions of an old salt, whose job it had, presumably, been to keep as far away from lighthouses as possible. One would think

that here was an admirable subject to test television's value as a teaching technique. But it was used, apparently, purely as an experiment in the relation of sound and vision—a matter which has been hashed over for years by makers of teaching films. True, classroom television is a novelty. Yet it does not have to start from scratch. It can build on our long experience of schools broadcasting and films, and need not painfully go through all the same stages of development by trial and error.

* * *

The rumour, widely disseminated in the press, that two of the younger High Court Judges, disconcerted by the difficulty of having to live on £5,000 a year, are seeking permission to return to practice at the Bar will surely prove to be ill-founded. It will, however, be held in many legal circles to have served a useful purpose, if it leads to a successful campaign for an increase in judges' salaries. I hope such a campaign will not be supported by the Labour Party. Judges are now paid relatively far less than a hundred years ago, when the salary was fixed; but they are still paid as much as Mr. Attlee's Cabinet Ministers and a few pounds a year more than Mr. Churchill's. So long as they are sure of a good pension on retirement, I doubt if there will be much difficulty in inducing the worthier members of the Bar to accept promotion to the Bench. The argument that a judge must be paid as much as the managing director of some great industrial combine, in order to keep him out of venal temptation, strikes me as an unworthy reflection and one which the judges themselves would do well to repudiate. While the fact that judges must now, like the majority of the men and women they try, walk to lunch or travel home in the Underground is probably of benefit both to their digestions and to their understanding of their fellow men.

* * *

The publication in England (by Turnstile Press, next Friday) of Solly Sachs's *The Choice Before South Africa* coincides dramatically with further attempts by Dr. Malan's Government to silence this courageous trade union leader. The new and infamous restrictions on his activities are the climax of a long period of political persecution, which has on more than one occasion included physical violence. Now by governmental edict, under the Suppression of Communism Act, he has been ordered to resign within thirty days his position as General Secretary of the Garment Workers' Union and is prohibited from attending any political or industrial gathering for two years. Whether or not Mr. Sachs is in fact a Communist, his treatment in a so-called democratic country cannot be defended. An attempt is also being made by the South African customs to suppress his book. Many bundles of copies have been seized at Cape Town but some, I am told, are already in the hands of the booksellers. If in the end only a handful of copies elude the police, I predict that the book will still be widely read in the Union, as it surely will be in this country. As Tom Driberg says of Sachs in a moving preface, "nobody in his right mind, and who wishes good to South Africa, can remain indifferent to what he has to say."

By an odd coincidence another remarkable publication this week also has a preface by Tom Driberg. *Lease of Life* by Andrew Milbourne (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) is a story of constructive idealism which can have few parallels. Milbourne, a young regular soldier, was wounded and taken prisoner at Arnhem. When the doctors had finished with him, he had lost both his arms and one of his eyes. His life since has been a struggle to re-equip himself for a normal existence. He has taught himself to do with artificial hands all that most of us can do with real ones. For a time, for instance, he worked underground in a pit; and after a series of jobs he is now an established clerical officer in the Ministry of Pensions. This book was started as the means of re-teaching himself to write. It was completed because Milbourne, though modestly unaware of the degree of his triumph, came to realise that the account of his experience could be of value to others. It is certainly not a literary masterpiece, but it is one of the most moving accounts of real heroism I have ever come across.

FLAVUS

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT PORTER

It is an ancient Porter
And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The Traveller standeth still—
O Passenger thou needs must hear
About the Transport Bill.

The line was cleared, the Unions cheered,
The Owners loosed their grip,
Merrily Roads and Railways passed
To public ownership.

But Tories now have made a vow
To set the hauliers free
And give the loads on British Roads
To a private company.

If Railways lose it is no news
Our wages they will freeze—
This is the worst that ever burst
On Transport employees.

It runneth best that payeth best,
Road Transport payeth well.
The Passenger here beat his breast,
For he heard the Bournemouth Belle.

When Roads are run for private gain
And Rails to public loss,
The State will hang around thy neck
The Transport albatross.

The fares will soar as ne'er before,
And there will be, I fear,
Porters, Porters everywhere,
Nor any passenger.

The Bournemouth Belle hath puffed in,
The Guard hath waved his flag,
The Platform Staff hath banged the doors,
The Porter hath the bag.

He holds it in his skinny hand,
The engine whistleth shrill—
Thou, Passenger, must make a stand
Against the Transport Bill.

The Passenger broke free and ran,
The barrier leaping through,
And standing in the luggage van,
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rode from Waterloo.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Royal Academy's rejection of Mr. Frank Beresford's picture of the lying-in-state of King George VI is an indirect insult to the Royal Family and the result of Left-Wing influence, think St. John's Wood women Conservatives.—*St. Marylebone Record.* (Barbara Lundergan.)

Most gipsies read the *News Chronicle*, if they can read, because it has always given them a good show and because they are Liberal by instinct.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (R. N. Winter.)

A man ran into Sunderland police headquarters yesterday shouting: "I want to be locked up." When a constable told him: "We don't lock anyone up on polling day," he walked quietly away.—*Daily Express*. (A. P. Brookfield.)

Persons intending to earn their living by using their artistic ability may, if they are unable to make a livelihood by sale of their work through the usual channels, become teachers of art and craft. — *Ministry of Labour Careers Guide*. (Charles Rideaux.)

The perfect cat for the man who has a position to keep up—*Advt.* (J. M.)

New Fabians

THE Old Fabians brushed aside Christian Socialists, Morrisites and Marxists who attacked capitalism as cruel, immoral, ugly, un-Christian or historically doomed, and concentrated on the exposure of its inefficiency. Their remedy was to substitute public for private enterprise, to train a better Civil Service and turn M.P.s into "professional representatives"; democracy was to be safeguarded by "measurement and publicity." Utilitarians, they judged each proposal on its calculable merits, ruled out anything that could be discussed as a "religious exercise," and won great influence because they had a programme and a technique of penetration while their utopian competitors had only aspirations, doctrines and slogans. Their task was comparatively easy. They dealt with England as a closed sphere of experiment, dismissed foreign policy as no concern of theirs, and made proposals which could not be effectively criticised since they had never been practised.

Though Fabian thought and Webbian politics had much influence on the course of British legislation behind the scenes, it was not until 1945 that a Labour Government came to power able to carry out a full Fabian policy. It proved without difficulty that it could re-distribute the national income (without dispossessing property), greatly enlarge the social services, and nationalise industries and utilities which were not very profitable to individual investors, and do so without rousing the violent opposition that pre-war theorists, with experience of 1931 in mind, had freely prophesied. In two short years they had carried out most of their electoral programme, which had stopped far short of the original Fabian proposals. Mr. Crossman, who edits a new volume* of Fabian Essays sixty-three years after the original one, rightly says that the stagnation which crept over the Labour Party after this first fine splash was not due to lack of leadership or the Korean war or rearmament, but simply to the Party's indecision about where it wanted to go next. The New Fabians, like the Old, come to the rescue holding that research

* *New Fabian Essays*: Edited by R. H. S. Crossman, with a preface by C. R. Attlee. *Turnstile Press*, 15s.

and hard thinking may again win the day, and that another Labour Government may be able to move on from a precariously poised Welfare State to a more firmly based and efficient Socialism. Those who fear that the gains of the past may be swept away by inflation, Tory policy or "world causes" are answered by Mr. Strachey, who, in a final essay summarising past achievements and future prospects, says that, whether the pessimists are right or not, Socialists have no practical alternative but to act as if they were wrong.

Mr. Crossman is a good successor to Bernard Shaw, who edited the original Fabian Essays. Beatrice Webb, who liked to have us all docketed into neat categories, was compelled to create a special class of sprites to accommodate Bernard Shaw. If she had been alive to-day she might have decided to pop Mr. Crossman into the same elusive pigeon-hole. Like G. B. S., his method is to hit people over the head and, having thus attracted their attention, offer them persuasive reasons for accepting some comparatively moderate proposition. He makes, for instance, the remark, astonishing in a Socialist book, that "there is far more to be said for the Christian doctrine of original sin than for Rousseau's fantasy of the noble savage, or Marx's vision of the classless society." Taken at face value, this would seem to mean that we are to abandon the effort to improve society and human behaviour by environmental change, and concentrate on individual salvation, which is precisely to reverse the basis of Socialist thinking. But it soon emerges that Mr. Crossman is simply calling somewhat violent attention to the fact that merely to change the social environment by substituting collectivism for competition will not automatically make people good or friendly or even non-acquisitive. The trend to-day is towards the "managerial" State which, Mr. Crossman believes, already exists in Russia and is in process of development in the United States. Our job is to "civilise" this new and dangerous form of society. Clearly Mr. Crossman is right in saying that something people call Socialism can be either bad or good, and that it is our will that determines which it is. The sub-structure conditions, but does not determine, the "super-structure": there is still scope for "social will." Mr. Crossman creates unnecessary confusion in the mind of the reader by talking about original sin.

The assumption that a classless society is desirable and feasible, and that we have it within our power to shape it, runs throughout this book. Reaction against the notion that Socialism is merely "nationalisation" leads Mr. Crossland and Mr. Austin Albu to important observations about forms of socialisation which will increase the workers' "sense of partnership" and, by a variety of constitutions and much decentralisation, save the Socialist State from what a French thinker once called "apoplexy at the centre and anæmia at the extremities." Mr. Ian Mikardo deals with the same problem from the trade union angle, and Mr. Roy Jenkins in a more theoretical essay inquires what is involved in the Socialist concept of equality. Margaret Cole provides a fresh and persuasive discussion of our educational system and seeks to show that the "comprehensive school" may provide the proper psychological basis for an equal society.

The original Fabians did not mention foreign affairs. In 1914, before the invasion of Belgium, Mr. and Mrs. Webb refused to sign a manifesto protesting against our being involved in war, on the grounds that they were not specialists in foreign affairs; two days later they again refused, on the same grounds, to commit themselves to the view that we ought to go to war. This sublime detachment is hardly comprehensible in an age when foreign and domestic politics are inextricably interwoven. The New Fabians, however, have made a manful effort to deal with the external problems of Britain in a separate chapter. The task has devolved on Mr. Denis Healy, who, since the war, has been Transport House's Foreign Secretary. He very wisely avoids both prophecy and detailed recommendation. He sweeps aside the delusion that there is now a simple, clear-cut conflict between two Great Power blocs. He is very sure indeed that "Britain's fundamental interest in unity with the United States will remain supreme," but he points out that "the emergence of Germany, Japan and China as independent Powers" has already changed the picture of "the two continental super-States glowering at each other over a power vacuum in which Britain is the only strong State." The vast revolution now in process in Africa, as well as in Asia, adds to the complexity. "It is much more probable," he adds, "that the future will bring a return to a world of many powers in which decisions are made by the methods of traditional power politics." Mr. Crossman attempts to outline Socialist foreign policy. He declares that a victory for either America or Russia would be defeat for Socialism, and that our object must be to keep "the cold war cold," to restrain rearmament to a non-ruinous level, to accept as unalterable the impossibility of anything more than a *modus vivendi* with Russia, and to make use of the opportunity which this external pressure imposes on us to build and consolidate democratic Socialism within the area where we can exert power. A precarious and unpromising basis on which to build? No doubt, but I've yet to see a better alternative.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The New West Africa

III. PROBLEMS IN THE GOLD COAST

THE only formal constitutional change in the Gold Coast since Kwame Nkrumah took office is that the "Leader of Government Business" has acquired the title of Prime Minister, together with some of the ceremonial attributions which attend that title in Britain. This satisfies those—and they are many—who press impatiently for "self-government now"; but it marks in fact no more than the general success of an experiment in marrying together a team of African Ministers and an administration which is still, in its upper ranks, three-quarters White. It marks above all, perhaps, the extremely cordial and trusting relationship which now exists between Nkrumah and Governor Arden Clark. Next on the programme of constitutional change—and everyone, including the Governor, seems to take it for granted that forward movement towards Dominion status cannot and ought not to be prevented—will be the displacement of the *ex officio* White Ministers who combine, as things stand, the anomalous responsibilities of administrative officers with political control of External Affairs, Defence, Finance, Justice. When this is asked for, perhaps in the next year or so, it will probably be granted without much ado; and the dividing line between the constitutional status of the Gold Coast and a new African Dominion will then be difficult to draw.

Two factors aid powerfully towards the success of this constitutional honeymoon. There is practically everywhere, and at all levels, a sense of spiritual release among people who certainly feel that the gates to the modern world, are at last unlocked, and even thrown wide open. Not surprisingly, you glimpse this most in the field of education, where schools, "colleges," "academies," commercial institutes and every sort of place of learning or alleged learning spring up at every turn. Motoring into a little coastal town like Winniba, for instance, you come across a string of these places—a teachers' training college, a "Royal Academy," a Ghana Commercial College, primary and secondary schools both public and private—until you almost feel that the whole population is going to school.

The second factor is probably still more important. The people of the Gold Coast are going through these political and social changes in a period of unexampled prosperity. They have acquired a say in spending their own money at a time when there is a great deal of it to spend. Cocoa prices are higher than ever before; and cocoa provides over 70 per cent. of exports and finances nearly half the population. Having won the support of cocoa farmers and traders on the argument that these two principal segments of the population would be infinitely better off under self-government, the Convention People's Party has had the satisfaction of seeing its forecast come true. That the C.P.P. has had in fact little or nothing at all to do with this access of prosperity is an equivocation which is calculated, later on, to give a great deal of trouble, if and when cocoa prices should fall on the world market. For the moment, though, all is spanking prosperity. Market-women in Accra, for example, find themselves better off than anyone can remember; their turn-over is astonishing. I myself examined the "books" of one woman who had turned over, the month before, a gross value of £16,000 in consumer goods provided by the United Africa Company. She was an exception; but many have a monthly turn-over of several thousand pounds.

A glance below the surface of these happy circumstances suggests some contradictory conclusions. It is certainly true, on the one hand, that the present regime in the Gold Coast, even within political and economic limitations which are at points disquietingly narrow, is very good for the people of the Gold Coast and very good for the more general cause of African emergence into the modern world. There is in progress a genuine and popular renaissance of long-pent energies and abilities, a fructifying conviction that the old and repressive past is irrevocably over. It is also true that the corruption and camouflaged servitude of Liberia are not only absent from the Gold Coast, but are in all likelihood bound to remain absent. It is probably as certain as anything can be in this world that the people of the Gold Coast have set their feet firmly on the road to nationhood.

But it is when one comes to consider how far they have gone along that road, what direction they are taking, and therefore how long they will need to reach their destination, that doubts are felt by many people in the Gold Coast. Though expressed in different ways, they revolve around a widely varying estimate of the capacity of the Convention People's Party, and of a dominantly conservative British administrative machine, to deal constructively and realistically with the fundamental problems of becoming independent.

These problems, so far, have not really arisen. Eager to spend relatively large sums on social and educational development, the Government has had an abundance of ready money. It is not only people in Accra who are making money:

last year in the Ashanti capital of Kumasi, I am told, building permits were issued to African applicants to the value of one million pounds. The Government's Development Plan speaks in terms of many millions for social and educational services, and some of these are certainly being spent. But supposing cocoa prices fell, supposing ready money grew hard to find, would a Government supported mainly by cocoa farmers and traders prove capable of maintaining this development? Would it be capable of applying the high and even crippling rate of taxation for current revenue without which the capital accumulation necessary to the development of a backward country cannot in the end be achieved?

The answer to these questions must be part of a larger inquiry. Will a Government which has undertaken no measure of genuine economic planning prove capable in any case of maintaining development over a period of years? For an undoubted weakness in the situation—and it stares you in the face—is precisely the absence of economic planning. If the Gold Coast were a capitalist country in full development, possibly there might be means of building roads and railways, schools and hospitals, without much public attention to accumulating capital for these purposes. But the Gold Coast is a primary producer, practically without industry, extremely vulnerable to world economic trends over which it has no possible control—*and yet* anxious to modernise at the greatest possible speed. All too clearly, Government spending must dominate the scene; and Government spending cannot do that without knowing fairly well what the resources of the Gold Coast really are, what system of priorities it means to operate, what objectives it wants to capture, and what the cost is likely to be. There is little sign that anyone is seriously thinking of these matters, or is even aware of their importance.

No doubt it would be unreal to expect the British administration to throw up officers capable of dealing with this need for economic and industrial planning. As it is, these officers—hard-working and fairly sympathetic to the aim of Dominion status though most of them are—do not have either the experience or the intellectual equipment necessary to this difficult and complex task. They are content, understandably enough, to allow the Gold Coast to develop as a convenient component of the sterling area. Nor have the African Ministers, very capable though they are, as yet sought expert and unprejudiced advice upon the economic needs of their situation. With one or two relatively unimportant exceptions, the Gold Coast Government has done nothing to employ neutral technicians to assess its problems, discover its potential wealth, or suggest a plan for capital accumulation and expenditure such as might form the basis for a national policy.

A year, it is true, is little enough time to think of everything. The Three African Ministers who stand at the head of the Government—Nkrumah, himself, Botsio and Gbedemah — have grappled with a great deal in that little time. They make no secret of being aware of their weakness on the economic side. Not that they are thinking of ways and means to rectify it: there is much to distract them. They are operating a system of parliamentary government in a country where social differences offer as yet no secure ground for a genuine conflict of parties; and they are accused by their opponents, accordingly, of longing for a party dictatorship. Dr. Danquah is especially vehement on this point, though it is difficult to know whether he distinguishes in his mind between party dictatorship and the necessary imperatives of party discipline. There is a sense, after all, in which every party must be dictatorial—especially when that party is trying to carry through reforms at breakneck speed.

The Convention People's Party, a mass organisation with wide popular support, is unlikely to be much moved by such criticism. Its self-confidence is justifiably strong. Already it has shown that the old legends of innate African inferiority are nonsense. As its leaders well know, its task now is to find a place within it for every honest nationalist and to produce something in the nature of a *charter for nationhood* which will contain a series of real, and really planned, targets for social and economic development.

Accra, Gold Coast. BASIL DAVIDSON

Little Mesters

LIFE is hard for the amateur student of inherited industrial skills. If he journeys about England, as I have been doing, in search of craftsmanship which has not yet been obliterated by mass-production, he is apt to overlook the virtues of the machine in its capacity to lighten dreary toil; he regrets sentimentally the decay of the traditions of old, individualist workmanship. To such nostalgic longings for the past a sharp corrective is applied by Sheffield—the Sheffield not of the great steel works but of the cutlers, the "little mesters." In this city of grimy buildings thrown up by sturdy private enterprise without beauty, pride or decency, individualism has become a wasteful anachronism, and craftsmanship survives too often as a costly industrial eccentricity.

It is tempting, of course, to sigh over perished time and lost loveliness. In the private museums of famous old cutlery firms they will show you photographs of store-rooms which once held their twenty tons of ivory or horns from the heads of a thousand stags; and in glass cases there are marvellously chased, multi-fitted pocket-knives, with decorated mother-of-pearl handles, made proudly for 19th-Century Exhibitions. They will tell you sadly that there is no living cutler to-day who could assemble such a knife, or reproduce those elaborate, filigree-handled scissors which won the Grand Prix fifty years ago; that moulded plastic must now often make do for stag-horn; and that, under the impact of purchase tax trebled for "precious" components, the art of cutting ivory or mother-of-pearl is dying out.

Yet there are some old craftsmen still at work. For instance, there was Mr. Benn, with his elderly assistant, leisurely producing in a quiet workroom hand-finished table knives whose silver ferrules and carved ivory or pearl handles maintained the highest traditions of the past. Then, working for an historic firm on Pond Hill, there was Arthur Judge, descendant of four generations of smiths, busy hand-forging blades. His cutler's anvil, with its steel wedges for notching fingernail marks, was bedded, he assured me, in horse manure, according to cherished tradition; and the huge stone from which the anvil's bed was cut rested, as was proper, on a foundation of clay. To forge a hooked pruning-knife would take 380 blows of his 8-lb hammer. And in the corner of an upstairs workroom I found Fred Ibbetson, who for fifty years had practised there the craft of letting little metal "shields" into the "scales" (sides) of pocket-knife handles—to be engraved later with their owner's initials. He did this "shielding" with a medieval-looking but oddly effective instrument known locally as a "Parcey"—a hand-operated fiddle-drill whose two pointed legs—for all the world like a pair of waltzing chopsticks—follow and overtake each other round the inside edge of a metal pattern. Whoever invented this gadget—a likely theory is that its name derives from use by Parsee craftsmen—it has the remarkable ability to drill a *rectangular* hole on a flat surface.

Such skills are pleasant collector's pieces for the student of craftsmanship; but the visitor to the Sheffield of the cutlers soon discovers that there is another side to the picture. Setting aside the local mass-production of shoddy *ersatz* cutlery which doubtless serves a real demand but brings no lustre to the city's name, there are, say, a score of substantial, long-established firms whose production is organised on lines which represent a reasonable compromise between old craftsmanship and modern machine methods: their trade marks—I*L, for instance, or the Star and Cross—are famous, and the quality of their output is still admirable, even if prohibitive taxation has killed off many of the old luxurious lines. But there are nearly 600 individual firms in Sheffield engaged in one stage or other of the making of forged cutlery; and their operations are carried out often in insanitary hovels unfit for use as pigsties. In 1945 the Cutlery Wages Council found that there were 362 establishments (to-day the number is over 400) employing ten workers or less; and the Inspectorate of Factories had reported that, out of 313 premises inspected, only 36 could be described as "satisfactory." There is nothing to show that conditions have improved.

A lot of history has gone into this unhappy heritage. The Sheffield of whose "thwytels" Chaucer wrote, and a case of whose knives was sent in 1589 by the Earl of Shrewsbury to his friend Lord Burghley, "being such fruits as my poor country affordeth with fame throughout this realm," developed as a cutlery centre thanks to the natural advantages of local iron-stone, millstone grit from the nearby moors and ample water-power. There was an influx of Flemish artisans in the 16th century, and in 1624 the Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire was formally established. But with the inherent individualism and conservative habits of the cutlers went the fact that the town, until comparatively recent times, was isolated from the main stream of the Industrial Revolution by its bad communications. As late as 1674 the only approach to Sheffield was by pack-horse track, and not until 1838 was a good road opened to Barnsley. Up to the 1840s, water-driven grinding wheels outnumbered those driven by steam. Add to this background the fact that cutlery processes can in many places be carried out with little machinery and tiny capital: it becomes easy to see why it was that small establishments, specialising for the most part on one stage of the process or another, became predominant in the industry's structure. Of the small firms in the 19th century, many rented accommodation in tenement factories where the landlord supplied the power. The contemporary "little mesters" in most cases have their own power units; but they are the logical successors of the system of "outwork" known in Sheffield as "liver and draw"—hand in the goods and get the cash. And they are an anachronism.

The bulk of Sheffield's present-day output is, of course, produced by a few large or medium-sized firms; and in some of their works you can see the whole process of manufacture, from steel bars to finished article. In such establishments, current policy, very sensibly, is to eliminate time-wasting handicraft as far as possible—particularly in the primary stages of production. Except for small, special orders, hand-forging and the time-honoured method of hardening and tempering blades by hand—visual judgment of the steel's colour being the traditional test—are now accepted as obsolete. For table knives, the "bolster"—the pseudo-hilt between blade and handle—is power-stamped, and the blade's tail or "tang," which fits solidly into the handle, is "drawn" by

a rapidly reciprocating machine. The blade itself is either rolled or "goffed" (drop-forged) by a power-hammer, under whose blows it is slowly drawn by the seated operative towards his lap. (This produces in the steel the wavy, "crimped" effect which still gives this process its old French name, *gauffré*.) After annealing, shape is given to the blade by die-stamping—followed by hardening, tempering, hand-grinding and glazing, the fitting of the handle, and the final mirror-polishing of the blade. For pocket-knives and scissors, it is the final assembly which calls for skilled craftsmanship and delicate adjustment.

From the end of the war until last winter Sheffield cutlers were enjoying a sellers' market, and the big firms were glad enough to farm out some of their orders to "little mesters" who, in their turn, competed eagerly for skilled labour—often offering a first-grade cutler up to £10 a week, against the standard minimum of well under £7 and average earning of probably £8-£9 in a large firm. To-day, the sellers' market has vanished: the factories are full of exports "frustrated" by recent Dominion bans, and many firms complain that order-books are thinning sadly. Five years ago, the Working Party appointed by the President of the Board of Trade expressed fear that the industry, with its multiplicity of small, "weak" firms, would be badly placed to cope with a slump; and it urged Sheffield to lose no time in setting its cutlery house in better order. Under present circumstances, I should say that, in the interests of Sheffield's 10,000 cutlery employees (nearly half of them now women) the need for rationalisation is more urgent than ever.

The leaders of the industry recognise, I think, that Sheffield's future is bound to rest in "quality" production: for markets in which cheapness of price is the dominant consideration, it is hopeless for honestly forged cutlery to compete with goods made in the mass from pressed wire or rolled sheet. It has been suggested that the industry should institute standards of quality, with sanctions against their infringement; but the enforcement of such standards appears to me to present great difficulties. As matters stand, the industry's most serious technical handicap is lack of standardisation in the production of blanks—a fault which hampers the process of mechanisation and often involves needless grinder's work. Save in the best firms, there is obvious scope also for improvement in dies and the installation of more up-to-date machinery. But the fundamental threat to the industry's stability is the continued existence of hundreds of backyard firms who are compelled in every slump to cut prices, wages, and quality. Their production costs are often low because they are carrying few overheads; but I can find no economic or social value in the existence of establishments incapable financially of modernising their plant or of giving their workpeople reasonable security of employment—to say nothing of adequate protection from the industrial hazards of grinder's dust. If the provisions of the 1937 Factory Act were applied without fear or favour, half the "little mesters" would be swept out of existence in a single day. It seems to me that the civic conscience of Sheffield ought to insist on such a salutory purge.

Sheffield. AYLMER VALLANCE

GOING ON HOLIDAY?

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Equal Citizens

SCATTERED across the campus were strange figures of young men, each separated by a fair distance from the next. Each stood stock-still, wearing full evening dress in broad daylight and holding in front of him some object covered in red velvet; each of them, I saw in passing, was ceaselessly mumbling a snatch of speech or poem or song, staring straight ahead and disregarding the quips and laughter of passing students—especially girl students—with that expression of 14-year-old solemnity one can so often find on the faces of 20-year-old Americans.

It was all part of the initiation ceremony for a leading college fraternity, I was told by a young woman student from the public relations office of the college. On my quick tour I was shown through the administrative buildings. "They're very old, almost part of the original college," said the young woman, with needless apology: after the functionalism of Washington Government offices I had visited earlier in the morning, these low buildings with slightly slatternly wooden verandahs had a pleasant, lived-in air. Next, however, I was led through brand new dormitories and club-rooms for women students, and at once I was back in the world of to-day—bright, airy and air-conditioned. I had a brief contrasting memory of Cambridge—the winding stairs, Victorian furnishing in lodgings, iron grates and their blacking. Was this American comfort on Pullman Club Car level conducive to high academic standards or not?

Dr. Johnson, President of the University, had other worries. President for twenty-six years, of imposing personality, he put leading questions quicker than they could be asked of him and talked with great knowledge of world affairs. Take Point Four. We both agreed there was need for a far greater effort by the United States to give economic aid under Point Four to the under-developed countries of Asia and Africa. We argued at length, until it had grown dark.

A cool breeze was just passing across the trees. The young candidates for the fraternity now stood assembled in the centre of the campus. The sound of military commands rang through the dark. They formed ranks, and as they marched off broke into a rousing chorus. The tune teased my memory for an instant before I recognised it, or thought I recognised it, as a Russian Cossack marching tune, now evidently a College song. The vigorous young voices faded into the distance as the marchers disappeared. It was all over. There was a general relaxation among the student bystanders, a general noisy movement towards the parking spaces. Students, mostly in cars, but a few walking, streamed towards the exit from Howard University campus to make for that one narrow, crowded part of Washington which to them was home—the only part of Washington where, with a very few exceptions, they, as Negroes, were able to live.

Howard University, founded in 1866 and named after a devout Union general who had fought at Gettysburg, is in the north-western district of Washington, and is considered the foremost Negro College in the United States. Judged by American standards it is small, academically no Princeton or Chicago; but it has a good medical school and a law school whose graduates have already made their mark before the Supreme Court. Ralph Bunche, the former United Nations Mediator in the Palestine conflict, was a lecturer there until a few years back. Howard's all-Negro character is apt to worry some American liberals, such as one of my friends in Washington who was campaigning with some success against race discrimination in the capital of the United States. "Why do they shut themselves up in their self-imposed ghetto?" was his comment. President Johnson's reply was not in terms of principle—like every prominent American Negro he was unequivocally against segregation—but of harsh fact: as long as the chief American universities provide insufficient places for Negro students, it was Howard's duty to fill the gap.

The two sides of the question are obvious, as is the depth of the emotions still stirred up by the race question which it would be futile to ignore. Washington is in the South: though much progress has been made in the last few years in breaking down segregation in certain hotels, concert halls, cinemas and institutions, it is still hardly possible to take a Negro guest to a Downtown restaurant. The colour bar still extends like a stain across American democracy. And yet, strangely enough, the question can be turned round: the struggle to overcome American race segregation may contain one of the most important aspects of the American experiment. After all, everything the visitor from Europe encounters in America is so subtly different from Europe in scale and feeling that the inwardness of the differences may often escape him. In my own impressionist journey, it was at minor moments that I seemed to catch a glimpse of this inward America.

One such moment was in a classroom in a Chicago High School. This was a "tough" school in a racially mixed area; the class was taking history, and a group of fifteen-year-old children was gazing earnestly at a wall poster which proclaimed in large letters: "Four Things We Owe to Old England." The four were Common Law, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, *Habeas Corpus*. Quite a respectable heritage. Of the children in the class several were Coloured, others obviously children of recent Italian or Polish immigrants. Watching their young American faces as they gazed across the gulf of time and space at the words on the poster, I seemed suddenly to grasp the scope and difficulties of the American experiment. Whatever the past heritage, this experiment was far bolder than that of the European nation states: whatever cultural traditions were lost in this effort to construct a single enormous nation across an entire continent, this attempt to transcend the jealousies, the frontiers, the perpetual wars of Europe was surely worth making. Moreover, if racial integration succeeds, American society may well transcend Europe even more.

This possibility, too, I seemed to glimpse suddenly at another moment of minor experience, unimportant in itself. This was on the San Francisco waterfront. A large new car drew up in front of me, and three young Chinese stepped out. One went into a store, the other two stood on the pavement. They were tall, slender youths, American in their careless, confident movements. As I drew nearer I experienced a brief start of surprise because they were talking the same Californian English idiom that I had been hearing all around me, and the next moment I wondered why I should have expected anything else. For, like thousands of others, these youngsters were by race Chinese, but by education obviously already American. If also discriminated against, they were nevertheless completely at home in the world of technics, cars and films off the assembly line, of frozen foods and vast colleges that make up the American century—much more at home there than, for instance, any Straits Chinese could ever be within English culture. Watching them, I thought of those English circles—and there are still many of them—where the belief is still clung to that a middle-class Englishman from a London

Brains our common wealth

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suburb, whether dressed in tight serge suit at home or khaki shorts out East, was the natural ruler of South-East Asia. For a moment I seemed to see these young Californian Chinese regard such an Englishman sardonically—both as Chinese and as Americans. More ambivalent feelings, I suppose.

Americans are apt to complain that they are judged by standards different from those applied to others. While race discrimination in their own immigration laws is constantly held up against them, no one seems to worry over the much more stringent laws governing entry to a White Australia. But this is a price to be paid for world leadership, for material wealth, for the proclamation of a society dedicated to a proposition and all the rest of it. At the same time, I think European critics have not yet sufficiently appreciated the extent to which America has already assumed or been forced to assume the mantle of the White Man's Burden. At home, in tackling the problem of accepting a large number of citizens of Asiatic or African origin as completely equal citizens, a task no European nation ever attempted. Abroad, in working out a new relationship with Asia and Africa for which European imperialism can be no guide. So far, the American response to the new responsibilities may have been erratic or imperious, at times generous, at others short-sighted—perhaps more often short-sighted. But it is worth bearing in mind how new the Americans are to the whole problem of the White Man's Burden, and how large this burden has become.

T. R. FYVEL

Steinberg

WHO or what is Steinberg? Until last week—not being up with the magazines, or my dentist's constant visitor—I couldn't have said. Steinberg meant nothing to me. Or, rather, thanks to the friend who, from time to time cornering me, would ask, "How do you like Steinberg?" I had slipped into a way of thinking "Not much," or "Not at all." Steinberg became for me something between a background of film music and a peculiarly flavourless lager. Entering a cinema and relapsing into my seat, only to be shot out of it a moment later by a release of catastrophic sound, or at the end of a Bank Holiday asking for beer at a station counter and being handed a tall glass of some pale, flat, yellowish concoction, I would mutter to myself, "Steinberg." And then, last Thursday, I was invited to the Institute of Contemporary Arts to *see* Steinberg. So, like Churchill, he'd taken to daubing! However, Dover Street being a good address, I went.

He is on the first floor. The big, light room seems to have banished all shadow, and in the drawings—they are for the most part ink drawings—there is plenty of white. We smile, we are alert. Little screens and partitions bring us face to face, surround us, with Steinberg. Surprised, I won't say by the enemy, but by circumstance, I stare at him and he—or, rather, strange bits of him—stare back at me. Strange indeed are they, these expressions of wonder, dread, fun, raillery, appetite for the humanly gorgeous and the architecturally scrolled, and something not unlike childish incomprehension. Two slap-up tarts, Gorgon-eyed, foliated, hugely bebosomed and be-feathered, outgaze one another like antique prows; their terror, their majesty, fascinates. Who can have seen them, and where? The catalogue says only "New York." New York! Good heavens, this is Babylon, Karnak, Versailles. The two implacable deities appear, at a second, more measured glance, to be strap-hanging. We are in the subway, then; though it is one for which no tickets are sold at booking offices.

Then there are, in a sort of Euclidean melodrama, cowboys shooting it out; corporeal railway engines perched upon high, frail viaducts; women-in-furs that are all snowflakes or pillow-shapes; the prettiest imaginable dreams of Nice, the Riviera, Italy; Turkish delight—Ottoman and Meccano; diplomas that look real but, when we discover they aren't, hold no secret; parades of the swanky and the fabulous; black-staved musicians on score paper, ideographs of birds, cats, dogs on graph-paper; botanical furniture, flying horses, old hags bent over the mystic omens of *pair et impair*, coolly delicious railway lines; and such meticulous but scrawly examinations as an infant prodigy might have made, of theatre fronts and Métro platforms and advertisements. As many styles as subjects: funny ha-ha, funny no-no; the fashionable grin on ice. Now is the moment, when we have had our eyeful and lifted to this and missed that, to contract impressions. What has the catalogue (1s.) got to say?

> Roumanian by birth, Italian by education, *Saul Steinberg* is nevertheless a characteristic American humourous artist whose wit and sophistication belong specifically to New York. Born in 1914 near Bucarest, he studied sociology and psychology at the university of that city before removing to Milan where he lived from 1932 to 1941 and used seven years to obtain his degree in architecture. He joined the staff of the *New Yorker* and in 1942 arrived in the U.S.A., where he quickly obtained great success. During the war he served in the U.S. Navy in China, India, North Africa and Italy. Since the war he has visited Europe regularly to study.

I shouldn't have thought these the activities of a "characteristic American humorous artist." Nor is he that. He has picked up characteristic American modes, especially Thurber's, as so many other things, from Lear's cat Foss to the pains eternal of a Cocteau opium dream. For all that he remains original. His simplicity startles. One leaves the variegated brightness of the Contemporary Arts for the brightness of May outside, with some quiet little image in mind; perhaps not even one of his own images. In my case, it was of birds' prints in the snow. Such the delicacy of his best drawing. And birds happen to be his fantasy; witness the idyllic page (No. 13) purchased by the British Museum, and the plumed pouter dames. All his men and women, now that I come to think of it, are greedily or defencelessly birdlike.

More of Steinberg—a great deal more—will be found in *The Art of Living* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.). Jokes are more to the fore. A nickel flies up out of the manhole, placarded "Men at Work," to be caught by the organ-grinder's outstretched hat. The big-hatted lady at the bar looks down with prim satisfaction on her two-cherry cocktail. Two gentlemen meet, and one raises his hat, the other his head. The first Christmas present from the tree makes young eyes light up: a watch and, in a same box, a hammer. An artist, faced with his easel and canvas, paints an easel and canvas. *No Smoking* is the device with which a spectacled matron is decorating her ice-cake. Under the skeleton awning stands the commissionaire in vest and braces. These are *New Yorker* winks: the drawing and the jest flash upon us at once. More elaborate are those trains of fantasy which may have started along familiar rails but will end in wild flight. The painted hand indicative finds us out in picture after picture; chairs come out of trees and grow into them; horses loop the loop in fantasy very prettily, though in the end we are left with a massive dog-sheep-horse that boggles the imagination as would plum-duff after a champagne lunch. The simplifications never, or rarely, fail to come off: white paper is a great ally. Over the complications and ornamentations there may be difference of opinion; my own feeling is that they gain when they niggle towards prettiness, and lose when they horrifically knot. The Cocteauish-Picassoish strain has its moments, but as a rule that levity—buoyancy of vision, featheriness of touch—which is this artist's chief prerequisite, has been broken. He must imprint in snow, and the lighter the imprint, the better. His umbrella man in the rain of a music-sheet turned sidewards, his tree of birds, his idyllic railway lines reveal, I was going to say, the true Steinberg. But I am not sure that even now I know what that is. Beyond a good deal of—quite striking—superfluity, he remains speechless, having no use for words and possibly not even understanding them. His canaries don't sing, his towns are silent, his men and women keep their mouths tight shut. One would have to live with any picture of his a long time to discover what, if anything, it was trying to say: perhaps just "Steinberg."

G. W. STONIER

The Neighbours

UNLIKE the eastern refugees who live crowded together in the outbuildings of the Schloss, or as unwelcome lodgers in the houses of the tenants, Frau Mathesius lives in what, till recently, was enviable privacy at the heart of the Graf's ancestral avenue of oaks. This is because, herself a refugee from the bombs of the Ruhr as opposed to the changing politics of Silesia, she was the first to arrive. She has remained there alone largely because, in a land where vocal might is still often right, her tongue was too sharp for the local billeting officer.

That her dwelling—admittedly only a wooden hut, albeit furnished with Persian carpets—came to be in such a surprising position was due to a crack-brained mining engineer of the Speer Ministry, who had the idea of solving the Third Reich's shortage of iron by resurrecting the ancient ore fields of Westphalia. After cutting down four of the ancient oaks to make way for his little prospecting camp, and making an awful mess of the hill, from the summit of which the Graf's ancestors carried out their armed depredations of the valley, the engineer was dismissed as a charlatan. But the Graf returned from the war to find Frau Mathesius ensconced in his avenue, and a housing shortage that prevented him from taking action.

Unfortunately for Frau Mathesius, however, the Nazi engineer had constructed not one, but two wooden huts; and, though no one on the estate thought that the timbers of the second, rotted from long neglect, could by 1951 still be made habitable, there came a family which thought otherwise. After weeks of patient hammering and patching, which Frau Mathesius tried desperately to ignore, the day arrived when she had to recognise that she had neighbours.

They were not the neighbours she would have chosen; for although the physical distance separating the two dwellings was precisely six feet, the social distance separating the occupants was that between the widow of an Essen manufacturer and a craftsman's family from a village in East Prussia. As Frau Herdes of the mill put it to her fellow tenants when they came out of church: "Frau Mathesius is a town-dweller and a Protestant—we all know that—but she has been here since 1945. The Boldaniovs are from the *East*"—she nodded her head significantly in that direc-

On Living Longer

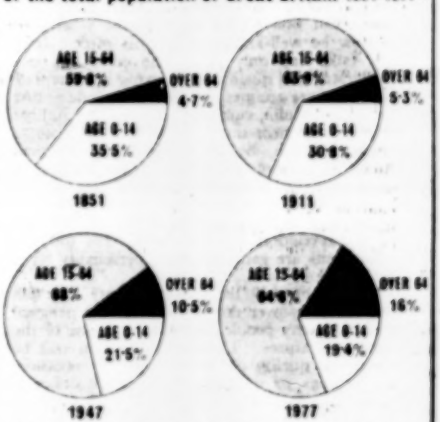
IT IS ONLY WHEN WE ARE YOUNG that birthdays are absolutely indispensable. All too soon comes the time when we find it more blessed to give than to receive reminders of such anniversaries. Few of us are ambitious enough to look forward to the time when they once more become important—to the birthday which may win us overnight the distinction that only centenarians can claim. Nevertheless, the chances of this happening have been increasing with each generation; mortality statistics tell us that people today are, on the average, living appreciably longer than their grandparents.

THIS, ON THE FACE OF IT, is a wholly satisfactory state of affairs. For the average person, it suggests a longer period of retirement; more leisure for the garden, more time to give to friends and books and the county cricket team. This is the kind of thing that people look forward to as retirement approaches.

BUT there is another side to this picture. Leisure, if it is to be used agreeably, costs money—even a little may make all the difference between a happy retirement and an old age made careworn by dependence upon others for the little comforts of life.

MILLIONS of people would be facing the prospects of such an old age if they had not made some extra provision through voluntary saving. Only a minority of workers have jobs which carry pensions and increased longevity is in itself one of the factors which make it unlikely that National Insurance retirement pensions could go beyond subsistence level in the foreseeable future. This situation accounts, in some degree, for the steadily increasing appeal of one particular feature of the service which industrial life assurance brings to the homes of so large a section of the community. Last year the sums assured under new industrial life assurance policies amounted to £248 millions. The majority of these policies are designed to benefit their holders during lifetime—in many cases to provide, in retirement, the modest comforts that become necessities with advancing years.

Charts of the proportions in each age-group of the total population of Great Britain 1851-1977 ★



★ *The figures are taken from the Report of the Royal Commission on Population (1949); those for 1977 are projected figures on certain not unreasonable assumptions.*

THE growing popularity of home service endowment assurance is a sign of the times. A century of steadily improving social conditions has established new standards of life for the majority of folk living in these islands; and the average family expects a correspondingly wider range of benefits from industrial life assurance than was the case when such policies were taken out mainly to meet the immediate expenses at the time of death.

THIS is still one of the financial problems that confront a bereaved family. More important, however, if the breadwinner's earnings cease, is the need of ready aid to see the family through the difficult task of readjusting itself to new circumstances. Such aid can be provided by an endowment assurance, no less than by a whole-life policy. The payment every year of thousands of claims only a short time after the policies have been effected is a reminder of the two-fold purpose which this thrift movement serves in ten million households. It is a family safeguard, as well as a form of saving.

IT is difficult to see how facilities of this kind could be made available to more than a fraction of the population otherwise than through home service insurance. It requires a great effort of will to set aside savings regularly without constant prompting. This is the very difficulty that industrial life assurance is designed to overcome. It is a very practical help to have someone call to collect premiums. The insurance agent's regular visit is a reminder that does much to take the effort out of saving and to make it part of the domestic routine.

IT is this home service—perhaps the most valuable of all aids to thrift—that ensures the stability of the flow of small savings accumulated through Industrial Life Assurance. Funds administered on behalf of policyholders are increasing at the rate of nearly £50 million a year. The importance to our economic life of this net addition to the nation's savings can scarcely be over-estimated. No less important is the part played by this thrift movement in the lives of the men and women to whom it is an assurance that a longer life need not be without its comforts.

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

tion—"and they are *thieves*"! She did not add what her hearers, of course, knew, that in April, 1945, Frau Mathesius had saved the mill from destruction by American artillery by personally hoisting one of Frau Herdes' best sheets while the defending major and his colleagues cowered honourably in the cellar; had shared with her the indignity of having their jewellery summarily removed from their persons by the American soldiery, and the greater indignity immediately afterwards of having Lucky Strikes thrust into their gaping mouths. Nor did she mention that in the lean years following the war it had been Frau Mathesius who stopped her curtseying when, on the outskirts of the daily throng seeking nourishment at the mill, she spied the Gräfin herself. After that the other tenants had felt liberated, too.

In the cold war that followed between Frau Mathesius and the Boldaniovs, the former therefore started with the advantage of being well-established. The coldness, it must be admitted, came more naturally to the women, for Herr Boldaniov and his two sons continued their hopeful "good mornings" long after the answering grunts should have silenced them—and long after the erection of a home-made loudspeaker of enormous volume in a sort of garden loggia directly overlooking Frau Mathesius' similar loggia had made the continuation of tea parties to old friends from Essen impossible. The visit of the gipsies might have saved the situation, but it didn't. After two stalwart female members of the tribe had on the same day taken each kitchen by storm, and finally been ejected—in the one case by Prussian kicks on the shins, in the other by references to Hitler's inefficiency in the matter of gas chambers—Herr Boldaniov approached his neighbour in her garden.

"I am getting a dog," he declared oratorically, "who shall defend us all. These *Zigeuner*, they come to steal"! And he dilated his nostrils as if the word stank.

"Perhaps you have noticed, Herr Boldaniov," Frau Mathesius replied icily, "that I always lock my house when I go out."

That ended the conversation, but Herr Boldaniov did get his dog. This animal, after long confinement in a small kennel, and daily torment by the two sons, duly reached the accepted level of savagery of all other dogs in the hamlet, and—except in the eyes of Frau Mathesius, whom it kept awake by its incessant barking—redounded considerably to the Boldaniov prestige.

That prestige had, little by little, been raised in other ways. It was observed, for example, that whereas any other family, refugee or regular, had to pay five marks for the right of gathering dead wood and twigs from the Graf's forest, the Baldaniov sons, without paying anything, returned day after day with waggon loads of newly cut saplings: the Graf's forester had for some good reason become unusually blind. Further, it was noticed that Herr Boldaniov himself, who worked for the Belgians some miles away, occasionally returned home in a Belgian military lorry, the significance of which became apparent only when someone pointed out that the Boldaniov motor-bike never called at the local pump, where petrol costs 5s. a gallon, and when the hamlet—Frau Mathesius excepted—suddenly found itself able to obtain real coffee at half the usual price of 30s. a lb. Last but not least, Herr Boldaniov had constructed a footpath which, by cutting down through a copse, halved the distance needed to gain the main road. Only Frau Mathesius failed to notice its existence, although for her it would have spared the longest detour of all.

The position of Frau Mathesius had indeed reached a nadir, which she sought to remedy by complaining to the police in the nearest town about the dog. After five such complaints the local policeman actually arrived next door on a bicycle. Next day Frau Mathesius received a letter. Who did she think she was (it said) to send a mere *Wachtmeister* to the daughter of a former high police officer of Königsberg? If she really had a complaint, then at least let her send a policeman of suitable rank! The letter concluded by forbidding any further attempts at social intercourse, and was stamped. Clearly the hot war was on.

Frau Mathesius was not feeling well, but she limped the 1½ miles to the post office to send a telegram: "Letter received stop no comment". Then she retired to bed to brood. As she brooded she remembered how grateful she had been, when she first took up residence, that there was running water. The engineer, who needed lots of this, had laid it on from an artificial pond which normally supplied power to the mill. Then she recalled that in a hole beneath her kitchen, unknown to the neighbours, was a tap which controlled the supply of water next door. As she rose from her bed, a new smile on her face, the Boldaniov's radio was playing particularly loud, and the dog as usual was barking. A little later both were silenced, and all that could be heard was the sound of curses. The neighbours had been thwarted in their washing-up.

"I haven't seen you look so well for ages," said Frau Herdes when Frau Mathesius called at the mill a week later. "I hear your neighbours suffer a good deal from water shortage in this dry weather."

"Your mill uses a lot of water," said Frau Mathesius cryptically. FRANK ZIEGLER

The Arts and Entertainment

NOTHING BUT TALK

THE Dramatic Quartet (we must not, repeat not, call *Dragon's Mouth*, now at the Winter Garden, a play) composed by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes, admirably executed by Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Norman Wooland and Rosamund John and conducted by Mr. Priestley himself, raises any number of interesting questions. But first let us re-emphasise what may by now be well-known about this piece. It is only talk: and only those who enjoy talk unadulterated will qualify for enjoying it. The four executants are grouped almost as immobile as first and second violin, viola and cello. Their authors have placed them under the threat of death, a situation which, by an acceptable convention, draws from them comments on life and statements of faith when the threat is only on the horizon; then a turn of the screw brings it nearer and induces self-revelation. Even then the self-revelation is not personal. For the four instruments are generalisations, personality types not people.

Nothing but talk, then, and why not? The talk ranges widely over the problems of the personal life, and many people find good talk one of the highest pleasures. Their only question will be about the quality of the talk on this occasion. This brings us up against the prime difficulty about talk in the theatre. Good talk is commonly to be found only in small circles, for the obvious reason that, if no one is to be left out, it must be conducted by people of a more or less equal level of experience. For enjoyment's sake it matters less what the level is so long as no one falls far below it or rides far above it. Thus, among the unsophisticated a man might pass as a brilliant talker in a discussion about love and the sexes if he only reproduced his own paraphrase of the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld: but among the more experienced he would be less likely to be a success with the same material. A theatre audience is necessarily at very different levels of experience. The unsophisticated among them may find stimulating and exciting ideas which will strike the experienced as only echoes, not necessarily better put than in the original. So the prime condition for good talk being missing in the theatre, can art get round the difficulty? It can, on one of two conditions: either that an author is completely original (which is very rare) or that he is either a poet or a wit or a combination of the two, so that his expression of familiar or half-familiar truths is itself original. This last is what Bernard Shaw succeeded in suggesting. If he was not himself an original thinker, yet his art was such that we seemed under his spell to be continually viewing things in a new light.

But to discuss this Quartet only in terms of the quality of its talk is not enough. This, after all, is formalised talk with a conscious shape and plan. The material may be familiar, and the expression of it, though neat, adept and amusing, not particularly striking. Yet the arrangement of it, the pattern, the way the different parts are allotted and follow one upon another may succeed in playing a new light over its material. And it is in so far as they are successful here that the authors of *Dragon's Mouth* would, no doubt, hope to have succeeded. The four characters they put before us stand for four different extremes of temperament, yet complementary to each other, and together, it is implied, making up the full personality. Matthew, a successful business man, is the creative element, priding himself on making something new and adding to the human stock. Nina, his wife, a well-known society beauty, speaks for the life of the sensations, happy to enjoy the moment as it passes and content with that. Stuart, a friend, represents the intellect, pure mind, cold and unfeeling. Harriet, the Personnel Manager of Matthew's business concern, a career woman, seems, broadly speaking, to typify altruism. I cannot be sure that I have represented the last two quite accurately. The first two, Matthew and Nina, spoken with great conviction and variety by Mr. Norman Wooland and Miss Dulcie Gray, are clearly defined types who are given a consistent attitude. But both Stuart and Harriet seemed to me to be muddled and flawed. Thus Stuart (although he is most persuasively put across by Mr. Michael Denison) speaks of himself and is spoken of by the others as the representative of pure mind, which they call "cold" and "steely." But he never reveals himself as anything of the sort. On the contrary, he talks, and has evidently lived, like one of Mr. Priestley's caricatures of a Pateresque art-taster, who spends his life stroking his books and gazing at his objects. In other words, far from being intellect, cold and steely, he is only a sort of negative Nina and the part he is allotted in this Quartet is left a blank (added to this, the art-lover is a figure which always sets Mr. Priestley's bile flowing, and his collaborator has not been able to prevent him exercising his malice on this character at the expense, I felt, of his design). Neither does Harriet come across very convincingly. In her, too, there seems to be a discrepancy between what we are told is her temperamental type and her life. Her positive viewpoint never has the impassioned conviction (it is not Miss Rosamund John's fault) which Matthew's, for instance, has; while, when it comes to the self-revelations, her explanation of herself struck me as lame and halting.

Mr. Priestley is one of the few established writers who risks experiment with form, and that is heartily to be applauded. But whether this particular form of experiment is as fruitful for the future as Mr. Priestley believes, is doubtful. In a highly tendentious foreword he remarks that this Quartet does not "depend upon the overworked visual effects of contemporary

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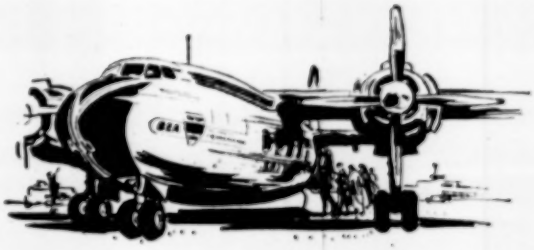

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entertainment." But isn't it going rather far to dispense with visual effects altogether? *Dragon's Mouth* is hardly visual enough even for television: it is a radio script recited. Mr. Priestley goes on to claim for it that "it is a better vehicle for ideas than the conventional stage play. . ." But the example of Shaw (and it would be absurd, whatever Mr. Priestley may say, to leave Shaw out of the consideration of this question) shows just the opposite. The farther Shaw got from the play and the nearer he moved towards unadulterated discussion, the less successful he became. And, after all, ideas were the very stuff of Shaw's mind, the thing that set his invention going. With Mr. Priestley it is surely the reverse; it would seem to be plot and character which quicken his imagination—the very things that he here leaves out. T. C. WORSLEY

ROSSINI IN FLORENCE—II

ADMIRERS of Rossini have always longed to hear *Le Comte Ory*, if only because of the eulogies it has attracted from the most unlikely sources, such as Berlioz, Liszt and Hans von Bulow—not to mention those of professed Rossinians like Mr. Francis-Toye. All these eulogies were abundantly justified in the Florentine revival under Vittorio Gui, himself a fervent and lifelong *Ory* devotee. Indeed, so ravishing and fresh is Rossini's score that its neglect seems, on purely musical grounds, inexplicable. To understand it, we must examine the libretto.

The fable suggests Boccaccio or Rabelais, and derives from an old ballad of Picardy which, some years before, furnished Scribe with the material for a one-act *vaudeville*. In amplifying this piece for the musical stage, Scribe and his collaborator were prodigal with opportunities for extended musical numbers and ensembles; but from the intrigues of the two acts they failed to extract any cumulative merriment or dramatic impulse. Count Ory is a youthful Don Giovanni who tries by every disreputable means to seduce a noble lady during the absence of her kinsmen at a convenient Crusade. In Act I he has established himself in the grounds of her castle as a hermit and popular soothsayer, only to be unmasked by his tutor. In Act II he gains admission to the castle at night by an outrageous trick, posing (together with a dozen of his boon companions) as distressed nuns in danger of molestation by "that terrible Count Ory." Received hospitably, the supposed nuns raid the cellars and sing riotous drinking songs which, at the approach of one of the ladies, they rapidly convert into a pious hymn. This is a first-class comic situation; but the second unmasking of the Count, this time by his page Isolier (a young Cherubino, himself deeply in love with the same lady), though it proceeds by way of an episode of the most entrancing musical beauty, is dramatically awkward and abrupt.

Evidently, the subject really belongs to operetta; it is Offenbach *avant la lettre*. But Rossini's opera, his last but for *William Tell*, was written, not for a small theatre, but for the Paris Opera in 1828; it is true opera, without spoken dialogue or even "dry" recitatives. The score (even some of those parts which were transferred from the earlier *Viaggio a Reims*) is, however, permeated by French elements, alike in harmony, metrical system and orchestration; it is a French opera, and ought to be one of the classics of the French stage. If it lacks the sheer animal impetus of the *Barber* or *L'Italiana in Algeri*, it makes ample amends by a fineness of touch and a delicacy of detail which are altogether new and suggest an incomparably more gifted Grétry or Boieldieu. The main difference between this Rossini and the Rossini we all know is the far greater degree of unexpectedness. Even in a brilliant patter song describing the discovery of the wine cellars, the string theme is pursued through a maze of modulations as far afield as G flat major. In the reprise of the cabaletta of the tutor's aria in the first act, the melody is imitated by the woodwind, with delicious effect, at a bar's distance (such details, by the way, are largely ignored in the drastically reduced piano score). Beneath the rapid and graceful lines of a soprano-tenor duet, horns and bassoons touch in a series of chromatic modulations such as would delight us in Schubert. And it is no wonder that Berlioz should have considered the A major trio at the end of Act II to be the composer's masterpiece. The rhythm is an adagio 12/8; muted strings murmur in descending chromatics, there is a long chain of voluptuously beautiful melodies, and we find ensemble writing for the three voices of a charm and subtlety hardly known outside Mozart. The feeling is that of the Farewell Trio in *Cosi fan tutte* or of "Ah taci, ingiusto core" in *Don Giovanni*, with which two masterpieces this trio ("A la faveur de cette nuit obscure") is not unworthy to be compared. Yet its harmony and scoring are distinctly of the romantic early nineteenth century: we are not far from the *Nuits de Mai* songs of Berlioz himself.

Among the company, Giulietta Simionato was outstanding as the page Isolier. Nicola Monti, the Ory, has a pure, small *tenore di grazia*; he sang musically, but with little fire. The soprano, Sari Barabas (already, I think, known to London) has a delightful presence and a sweet, agile, fragile coloratura with which she made charming play on the first night (on the second her voice failed her). As a fussy lady-in-waiting, Amalia Pini displayed a rich contralto and a still richer sense of humour. The orchestra kept the melodies "flowing like champagne" (Liszt's phrase), and Gui's tempi and musicality ensured that none of the fine detail was obscured. The production was rather arty, with the chorus banked at the sides and dancers cavorting and making believe; the sets were modern travel posters, and all the costumes—whether male, female or *travesti*—were made of a very shiny fabric, so that the sham nuns looked like mackintoshed policemen on point duty in the rain. But it made little difference. Nothing could spoil the intense musical pleasure provided by this late and surprising manifestation of Rossini's genius.

As always at Florence, the events are very widely spaced, so that to hear all six Rossini operas one would need to stay for over a month. My third and last was *Tancredi*, the composer's first world success, written at the age of 20; like *Ory*, it was performed in the charming old white and gold Teatro della Pergola—and appropriately. For *Tancredi* is a thoroughly old-fashioned *opera seria*, with a mezzo-soprano hero and one of those routine plots of knightly misunderstanding and injured virginal innocence. But the score has all the freshness and brilliance of youth. The other day an eminent English musician referred to the "utter shamelessness" of *Tancredi* (in contrast to the "fundamentally German and Jewish integrity" of—Meyerbeer!). After hearing Rossini's opera in the theatre, it is hard to make sense of this verdict. The music is composed with a classical simplicity and decisiveness, and there are many pages—orchestral as well as vocal—of a peculiarly sweet and ardent lyricism, such as the pathetic introduction to the second act for oboe and strings and the succeeding air for the heroine with cor anglais obbligato. Teresa Stich-Randall relies too much on the aspirate in her florid singing at present, but at her best she gave promise of a considerable future; her duets with Simionato were thoroughly musical and well rehearsed. The latter (in her second *Hosenrolle* of the week) delighted the audience by her proud demeanour as the "unknown knight," Tancredi; there is a cloudy patch in the middle of her voice, but her low notes have an attractively strong and individual tang, and she declaims with a vivacity and vigour which seem to justify the curious old convention. The costumes were impressive; the sets ugly. Once again, the orchestra of the Maggio Musicale (under Tullio Serafin) was responsible for a great part of our pleasure; Rossini's piquant orchestration repays such playing as this. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Lady Paname," at the Rialto
"Man of Bronze," at Warner's
"La Marie du Port," at Studio One
"Zero de Conduite" and "Song of Ceylon," at the Everyman

Lady Paname and *Man of Bronze* are both celebrations of a not-so-remote past: one, the vaudeville quarter of the Boulevard St. Martin in the Twenties; the other, the Carlisle Indian School of Oklahoma nearer the turn of the century. The first, with its spark of life, song, and individuality, would delight almost anybody, while the second begins as an earnest resuscitation of Indian rights and then loses its way in the specialised tedium of American football. There can be no doubt which of these two films has popularity as well as quality on its side; yet, so absurdly rigid are the channels of entertainment, that the convivial piece, being French, will be reserved for a few thousands, and the long Hollywood yawn will spread to and fro over the land. I can't see the sense of this. Would English audiences really prefer to be bored, so long as the known label is there and the continuity of their devotions is preserved? Well, perhaps they would. The Sunday afternoon faces in the queue bespeak less entertainment than a new kind of congregationalism.

On to the music-hall stage of Henri Jeanson's *Lady Paname* prance or stroll the family of acrobats, the fat sentimental bowler-hat, the tough lovelies, our heroine who soon develops the talent of being vulgarly, divinely herself. She hasn't a voice, but she sings; can't dance, but there are legs and arms and eyes and the solid bit more doing their conventional stuff with a zest. Her transformation from a goose into, well, not a swan, but goose-irresistible is very funnily, convincingly, touchingly achieved; and no one could

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do it better than Mlle Suzy Delair. Authentic, too, are the plump professional top-liner who has given the public "heart" and now nears his displacement (I can't pick this actor's name out of the list), the disparaging, success-fanning manager, the personable song-writer, the audience, the tarts of the promenade, and the café group round the corner. I am not quite sure of the unforgettable Jouvet's photographer: his nanny-goat with the striped two-inch collar and the devotion of young girls potters on a rather different plane. He and the fascinated President of the League of Decency give the farcical edge to comedy. But *Lady Pinaine* manages its trills, its song-plugging, and even its plot—a rare achievement in this kind of film.

Man of Bronze celebrates the struggle of a young Indian from the reservation to become one hundred per cent. American. The early scenes have an interest and an appeal for the eye; then athletics take over, then football, and finally drink and rehabilitation. For the average American this may be a career palpitating with excitements—one such, a few seats away, even kept me awake with his gurgles and yelps. But what on earth has that awful game to do with us? The grandeurs and miseries of a soccer player, say from Llanhrystyd, might bore us to death, but at least we should know what it was all about.

The Carné-Simenon piece at Studio One is well worth a visit: good story, good locality (Brittany coast), good direction, good acting. Gabin at his best as a restless middle-aged restaurateur caught by his mistress's implacable young sister (Nicole Courcel). The thrills of character, of situation, and cool adventure are admirably conveyed. Simenon, one feels, has contributed more than Carné, and the result is supremely competent.

For something more the adventurous-minded should make a journey to the Everyman, where Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite* and Basil Wright's *Song of Ceylon* run till Monday; an ageless-ness rarely encountered in the cinema is theirs. Vigo's odd, beautiful, intuitive and disturbing account of schooldays achieves in its fragmentary way a startling union of realism and fantasy. Here, in fact, is a poetry of the cinema comparable, in intensity at any rate, with the chapters of *Le Grand Meaulnes*. The larkiness of the school walk and the rapture of the pillow-fight are among the brightest passages the screen has provided. Next week, this film will be replaced by *L'Atalante*. We could not have too much of Vigo: alas, there's little to have.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

A STRANGER of liberal but eclectic taste, sampling for the first time our three unsponsored programmes, would have been in luck during the last two weeks. Plays? *Heartbreak House*—like all Shaw, designed, one would think, for the air; *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, performed by an excellent French cast; *The Master of the House*, a study of the Medici; a rich production of *Tamburlaine*, with Donald Wolfit like a reincarnation of Marlowe's original leading man, making the most of the monotonous and hammering splendours of that horrible play. Talks ranged from Sewell Stoke's disarming reflections on being portrayed in a film, to Ludwig Koch's account of his beginnings, nearly seventy years ago, with some of his earliest recordings; a recording (in *Music Magazine*) of a talk by Menuhin on Bartok—striking both in style and delivery; remarkable, too, as a musician's use of prose; Michael Scott, clear and restrained, on *Civilisation in Africa*—a model of broadcasting. I say nothing of music, or of discussion; but turn, as a radio critic, to the radio subjects of features, and *New Soundings*.

The fourth edition of *New Soundings* seemed almost triumphantly good—but why? Perhaps because its contributors appeared to be caught at an imaginative high tide; or because they reflected in their various themes not decay or fatigue, but the living qualities (in writing) of mystery, humour, curiosity; the careful word, the romantic view. There was as little decay in Mr. Sansom's story about the poetry of haberdashery as there was in Mr. Betjeman's sad poem about the night club in the morning sun. For the rest, there was, I thought, an unusual distinction in the opening poems, E. J. Scovell's *An Old Woman Reflects;* Diana Witherby's haunting *Discovery* and *Voice of Insomnia;* in the Corbière translations by Walter McElroy; in Laurie Lee's travel record *The City of the Sun*; this, indeed, left me marvelling that an essay on so familiar a pattern could be so fresh and arresting.

An invention like Terence Tiller's analytical feature *The Conscience of the King* (a study of the Fool in *King Lear*) is always to be welcomed—uneven as it may be (and was) in writing and production. For in spite of the almost embarrassing contrasts in manner, it had the arousing interest of experiment, the provocative one of theory, and an outstanding performance by Ian Catford as Shakespeare, speaking in that rustic-sounding dialect which experts believe to be the true voice of sixteenth-century south and midland England. Any weakness was not in the serious idea but in the dramatic plan—of a (radio) *Lear* rehearsal, with actors playing, rather self-consciously, the difficult role of being themselves: Mr. Tiller is hardly at his ease in comedy or light theatrical dialogue. One might query, too, the lateness (letting alone the authenticity) of the invented late passage from Shakespeare. A curious piece of carelessness—for it is by details of this kind—clues to the dark inward perplexities which are Mr. Tiller's particular interest—that he is most capable of moving and even, at times, of convincing his audience.

Follow My Leader, adapted by Louis Hagen from his own book, was a most impressive documentary production. Here were the case histories of six supporters of the Nazi regime (storm trooper, Hitler maiden, business man and others) related after the war, so that the varying tales could be seen in a single and more or less unrepentant perspective. (By a weird, but surely fortuitous timing, the programmes appeared neatly between new broadcasts about the forthcoming rearming of Germany). Two things, particularly, stood out, in this feature; one, the brilliant economy of Marjorie Banks' production, by which each character was made to tell his own story without dramatic interludes or castings about in time—all drama going into the narrative; the other, how much criticism may be conveyed in uncritical description, with no commentary to stress the indictment.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

Why is it that Pinero, the most stagey (in the best sense) of dramatists, completely baffles otherwise competent producers? Partly it is that they seem to have no real sense of period, only a sense that period is either funny or fun; partly it is that they mistrust his appeal, and instead of envisaging exactly what he's worth and getting the piece played for just that, no more and no less, they ram home the obvious—and no playwright could be more obvious—as if they underestimated their audiences. *Trelawny* cannot be called good Pinero, but it has a special charm, the charm of the absurd, all lavender sentiment and lilac romance. Delicacy and speed will convey its quality: bustle and lumber will inevitably lose it. Mr. Peter Ashmore offered us the second pair, and in excessive doses. The natural consequence was that those of the cast who made the briefest appearances had most chance of succeeding. Milton Rosmer's perfect old-time actor, Peter Martyn's Captain de Foenix, asleep on his feet, Lionel Jeffries' footman, Ronald Howard, Yvonne Mitchell, Alfie Bass, Harcourt Williams might, one felt, have been admirable in a differently directed version; but Miss Barbara Jefford who plays Rose Trelawny does not distil the necessary magic. A great chance is missed with the setting.

T. C. W.

"After My Fashion," at the Ambassadors

An explorer gone to glory in the Tibetan desert; a wife and mistress fighting over his dead body; a cryptic last love-letter, left in the hero's Horace; a film planned to commemorate the explorer and his companions; and a horrid doubt in everybody's mind as to whether Christian Starcross was not, in fact, a fake? It is the kind of dramatic pudding that has been mixed many times before, but seldom, I think, so ingeniously. Diana Morgan's play is skilfully constructed and it has wit and imagination. It also has Sonia Dresdel and Valerie White as Starcross's wife and mistress: the first, cool-cheeked and rapier-poised, queen of the tragic "throw-away" line, as Lilian Braithwaite was of the comic; the second, a blonde Riviera-tanned child of nature. These are the perfect foils for such an evening. Miss Morgan is not so well served by the rest of her cast. Her explorers' wives, a clever conception, are all heavily overplayed. They do little except provide a clownish background for Miss Dresdel's finesse. Michael Shepley, as a benign film producer, puffs like a grampus, Richard Johnson is eloquent but a shade self-conscious, Eileen Moore will be much better when she learns that shouting is not the best way of holding an audience.

J. N. B. R.

Three Women Painters, at the Tate

The only thing which the paintings of Ethel Walker, Frances Hodgkins and Gwen John have in common is a quality of quietness, all their works await attention rather than demand it. Ethel Walker was the weakest artist of the three. Her drawing was often feeble and her rather indeterminate, semi-impressionist application of paint often "clotted," causing her forms to become amorphous. Occasionally, however, in a flower piece (No. 36), a seascape (No. 15), or in two portraits of girls seen against the light (Nos. 22 and 27) she achieved a genuine poetry, the poignancy of which depends upon the brevity of the romantic moment: the poetry of the bouquet, the fiancée, the summer evening. Gwen John was very different. Every girl's head she painted seems

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to be very slightly inclined in reverence. Her profoundly true drawing and her patient arrangement of deliberately limited and austere tones seem to be part of a penance. At the same time, she was never tight-lipped. Her magnificent portrait of Dorelia implies an understanding of the fact that modesty can sharpen sensuality. Frances Hodgkins' imagination was more purely visual than the other two. Yet, ultimately, the lyricism of her colour and atmosphere was dependent on a *domestic* poetic genius: she made outdoor scenes as intimate as interiors seen through open French windows, and she gave to still lives and dressers the mystery of landscapes. Finally, without space to explain why, I recommend the reader to look at Martin Froy's paintings at the Hanover Gallery. They are well worth investigating. J. B.

Correspondence

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—If the Labour Party shows signs of altering course from that laid down by the late Ernest Bevin—and the Pentagon—it would seem to be a tendency to be encouraged by everyone whose reasoning powers are not too severely damaged by the last five years of propaganda.

The Supreme Commander in Europe has gone on record to the effect that Western Europe cannot be defended without at least twelve German divisions, and that, if everything goes according to the Pentagon schedule, these cannot be made available for war for at least eighteen months.

The Russians have said they want peace and that they believe that Western warlike preparations are for aggression against them, not defence against possible aggression by them. They have added—and they could hardly do so in more uncertain terms—that they regard the rearmament of Western Germany as a vital threat to their security.

Now they offer a conference and the complete neutralisation of Germany, an offer which, to put it mildly, has put the cat among the Western pigeons (or in this context should one say the pigeon among the Western cats?).

Is it stretching the imagination too far to conclude that if this offer is rejected the U.S.S.R. may well conclude—if it is in fact peaceably inclined—that war is inevitable and that from its point of view now would be better than hereafter, "now" which ex *hypothesi* means that we can only, like Korea, be "liberated" and not defended? May they not, taking a leaf out of President Truman's book, conclude that an ultimatum is the next move and, moreover, an ultimatum in perhaps more precise terms. Faced with that we either plunge like Gadarene swine into Armageddon or climb down to a humiliating diplomatic defeat.

There seems to be only one reason why the U.S.S.R. should wait—if they once believe war inevitable—which is summed up in the slogan that "we have a lot of atom bombs: they have only a few." But can we be so sure of this that we can force a crisis over German rearmament? The U.S.S.R. apparently staged its own Bikini at a time when all the experts assured us that the construction of a Russian bomb was at least two years off. Why should the same "experts" be right this time when they estimate (on what basis?) the number of bombs in the Russian arsenal. Russia has sprung surprises before: to whistle back the dove and talk tough need surprise no one who remembers the Nazi-Russian pact of 1939.

Faced as I believe we are with this possibility, the Russian suggestion of the neutralisation of Germany is at least worth very serious consideration. I suggest that we should put an end to the Dutch auction for German support by "doubling" this bid—the neutralisation of Germany without German rearmament. The Russians could hardly refuse, there are some grounds for believing the majority of the Germans would welcome it, the French would be happier (and keep the Saar), the Eastern frontier problem would become academic and a broad corridor between the hostile power blocks would be established.

Secondly, it is supposed that if the West withdrew, Germany would fall to its own Communist party and ultimately line up with the U.S.S.R. If there is the shadow of truth in our own propaganda as to how the East "groans under the Communist yoke," this is about the last thing likely to happen. We cannot have it both ways: either the overwhelming majority of the Germans in both Zones loathe the Communists and can be trusted to deal with them—or our propaganda has no factual basis.

But a Germany without occupation troops might well be Radical and Socialist. Is the preservation of Ruhr Big Business an essential element in Western security? Is that the real reason why the Right-wing governments now predominant in the West treat the Soviet proposal with such embarrassed disdain?

A more serious objection is that, relieved of the burden of rearming, Germany would be predominant in world markets. This looks like what a Marxist would call a "contradiction in capitalism." But our American friends assure us that no such thing exists, so we can count on them to solve a little problem like this.

Meanwhile, if what I have suggested is a possibility, can it still seriously be said with certainty that we shall sleep the safer for these German divisions? Or should we continue piously to recite our litany "From liberation and bombs that go bump in the night, good Lord deliver us." And when under Ernest Bevin's pressure the Labour Party sang "Hey Nenni, Nenni no!" and swung in wholeheartedly behind Pentagon policies was it on the "right" road? In a sense, yes; but not necessarily the surest road to European security.

PETER EVANS

IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—Mr. Osmond Robb writes in your columns: "The British Communist Party is working for the return of a People's Government as the result of an electoral victory for a popular alliance based on a united labour movement (see the *British Road to Socialism*)." May a student of Marxism, not a member any longer of any political party, intervene in this wide-ranging discussion on Bevanism to ask if there is any adequate theory which can indicate a British road to Socialism at all?

Mr. Pollitt in his conference speech openly advocates the "tailism" which consists of finding out what the workers are demanding and putting his Party at the head of such a movement. Now we all know what the workers (and the middle class) are demanding: higher wages, better social conditions in general. Concrete, down to earth, betterment of conditions here and now. It might surprise Mr. Pollitt and his followers to know that such demands were quite clearly characterised by Lenin in *What is to be Done?* as *bourgeois*.

The point I am making is that no Socialist theory can be adequate which does not propose some kind of sacrificial role for the working class. But the problem goes even deeper. The Marxian proletariat of 1848 has long ago ceased to exist here. We have a working class in classical capitalist Britain (and elsewhere), which is and is not a working class. That is, it is a working class in the strictly economic sense. It is *not*, in the sense that its revolutionary instinct and imagination are gone. The working class—among which I have fought and worked for Socialism over a long period—has no other idea at present than to get as much out of the capitalist class as it can. And this is the root cause of all the controversy in Left-wing circles. But I exaggerate—there is in fact no great theoretical battle in Britain at all, neither in the Communist Party (so-called), nor elsewhere, and we have the authority of Lenin for saying that such theoretical battles accompany the growth of any true Marxist party.

The Marxian theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat failed in the West. It is time to realise this. It is also time to realise that the growth of Communism throughout the East—which I heartily welcome—does not at all help to solve the British problem, for it does not automatically lead to any development of Marxist theory adequate to the West.

The present position is that the chances of the outbreak of world war number three, which will sweep Britain away as a national unit, destroying most of the population, and leaving us at a level the human mind cannot possibly imagine, are about ten million to one, say. In the face of this approaching horror, a gentlemanly discussion on whether to reduce armaments a little bit, or not, goes on along with Mr. Pollitt's fulminations against the Tories—who are presumably to be replaced by the "Labour lieutenants of the capitalist class." But of real light there is none. And one can well imagine that these arguments and fulminations will look rather silly when Britain is reduced to a state when Communists will cry out for the old days of Conservatism and Conservatives will think that even Communism would be a paradise.

In the course of the past three years, mixing with Communists, Labour Party people, Co-operative workers, and what-have-you, I have found only about one person who, taking his stand on the fundamental—though not absolute—theories of Socialism is prepared seriously to discuss whether there can be any real development of these theories which can save something of Britain out of the catastrophe. I think this is in itself symptomatic of the fact that as a people we seem destined for the historical dustbin.

A STUDENT OF MARXISM.

NAPALM

SIR,—One prelate has at length ventured one protest. Gratitude still leaves us wondering what the vast hierarchy does—for such "meddling" is indeed an event. It is largely due to this very evasion of all such moral issues—plus its persistent siding with Power, however corrupt, that so many of us have little but contempt for the whole religious set-up. Unquestionably the average man is tempted to assume that national actions which have the blessing, or at least the tacit approval, of the Christian church cannot be wholly immoral or utterly inhuman. Thus the Church still, alas, has sufficient (negative) influence to be a national conscience-soother. Appeals to end the barbarities of war are usually just ignored—especially by the elect.

It seems most necessary to be alert to the supermenace of a Tory regime—buttressed by the Church. The Archbishop is little likely to change *that*. But something must be done; for surely of all things in this our day, the most shocking and terrifying fact is our growing callousness to the responsibility of being involved in bringing devastation and agony to millions of our fellows.

OTWAY MCCANNELL

Farnham, Surrey.

TIME-TRAVELLING

SIR,—Mr. Walter Elliot reviewing Charles Galton Darwin's *The Next Million Years*, in your issue of April 12, reveals such lack of understanding (either his own or Sir Charles' or both) of genetics and the modern biological point of view, that it is difficult to avoid answering intemperately; indeed, it would be a mistake to answer temperately, for in the space of a correspondence column it would be as futile to attempt to bring him (or them) up to date as it would be for Sir Charles, a physicist, to attempt to elucidate nuclear fission to a chemist who had not gone beyond Dalton's concept of the atom. One may in a letter hope to do two things: (a) to shock men of their intelligence and eminence into reading some of the works they should *digest* before they ever again set pen to paper on such matters, and (b) to convey to non-biologists (possibly by means of analogy) some idea of the kind of fallacies involved in the point of view they expound. In brief, they accept "The terrible creed that no change acquired by an animal during its life is ever passed on to its offspring, (that) the genes derived from its parents were laid down before those parents were born and will not in any way be affected by the individual's later experiences." Then from this they derive "the doctrine of the Elect," and conclude that "social inheritance falls into a position of secondary importance," that "the perfectibility of mankind—the aim of so many noble spirits—is foredoomed" and that to change Man's nature "would need not merely a new species, not merely a new genus. It would have to be changed into a new phylum—and that would take . . . many hundreds of millions of years." I cannot decide to what extent Elliot is merely quoting, to what approving, or to what extent he may be smiling at ("if anybody can be got to take it seriously") Darwin. (Perhaps I have been too long away from England to appreciate all the nuances.) He is, in any event, promulgating some of the errors, and they are errors

that *must* be squashed, so serious is the issue for the public welfare, education and the future of the British people and all mankind.

The basic fallacy involved is, of course, that Man is being equated with man's genes. Julian Huxley and many others have for years been trying gently to educate biologists and the public away from this elementary error. Hogben has tried shock tactics, apparently also to little avail. It is worth trying again!

Genetics in the Twentieth Century, the programme of the Golden Jubilee of Genetics, 1950, includes contributions from the English biologists, Darlington, Huxley, Mather, and Penrose which provide the absolute minimal technical reading for Elliot and others who write for the public on genetic issues. Darlington epitomises the fallacy as confusion of the genotype with the phenotype. The genotype is the hereditary materials; the phenotype is the characteristics that develop from the interactions of the hereditary materials with the total internal and external environment. Human Nature, I add, is phenotype, not genotype. Far from being unchangeable, it is one of the most malleable phenotypes known. Mather discusses the mechanism of continuous variation which is, of course, the crux of the human situation and the chief hope of human biological improvement. Penrose shows by implication some of the erroneous assumptions of those who would use eugenics to produce an Elect. Julian Huxley covers all of these and other issues and shows the way out. In Part II of *The Meaning of Evolution*, G. G. Simpson covers these issues in more detail and less technical language. See also *Social Biology and Population Improvement*, a statement signed by 23 of us, from various nations, attending the International Genetics Congress, Edinburgh, September, 1939, published in *Nature*, September 15, 1939. Curt Stern's (1949) *Principles of Human Genetics* is the best comprehensive treatise to date. Scheinfeld's *You and Heredity* is easier, but very sound reading.

Huxley, *loc cit.*, modestly recalls the great difficulty he had as a boy in overcoming the fallacy of confusing phenotype and genotype. This was, he notes, the basic error of the Lamarckians and the early Biometricians (Galton and Pearson). *It is to-day the basic error of Lysenko and the Politburo.* Darlington similarly comments that the assumption of inescapable determinants is terrifying to many psychologists, physicians and in some countries even agriculturists. One had not suspected until Elliot wrote "the terrible creed . . ." that England was one of those countries.

Now, for non-biologists, an analogy—necessarily imperfect. Suppose that there is available to the cooks of Great Britain a large but not unlimited supply of foodstuffs, the quality of which, though not invariable, is relatively unchanging, and that they all decide to make cakes. Would Darwin or Elliot tell us, that the ingredients available not being all of the best imaginable kind, "one can see that (knowing how to cook) falls into a position of secondary importance." Would they be so naive as to equate the materials from which the cakes are to be made with the cakes themselves? Obviously not. Or would they point out that some very good cakes have been made with the ingredients available and that what is done to the ingredients may in some cases be less important and in others more important than the materials themselves.

So with genes and the man. Human genes give us the capacity to be men and not "lower animals." What we become depends upon the interaction of these genes with one another and the total environment which in man, to a degree incomparably greater than in any other animal, includes "social inheritance." Social inheritance is the cooks, and all their equipment and all their learning *and traditions*! If extremely bad cakes are baked by a few cooks, extremely good ones by a few others and a mediocre lot by most of the cooks of the nation, does Sir Charles (or Mr. Elliot) conclude that it will never be possible for the majority of cooks to make better cakes because the materials on hand remain unchanged?

Man differs from the other animals, predominantly by his capacity for social inheritance. What we have to do is to learn to make better men with the materials we have on hand. Of course, if Darwin and Elliot's idea of perfectibility is the making of angels (and angel cakes) they have cause for pessimism. The cook who has everything except an abundance of egg-whites can not make an angel cake, but she may be able to make a good-substantial fruit cake. It is obvious that here Sir Charles has actually introduced the theology he apparently abjures. It is not Man but angels whose appearance he envisages in hundreds of millions of years. Those of us whose ideal is not angels but red-blooded human animals with high mental and spiritual qualities, men such as, for instance, Schweitzer or Einstein, can be more optimistic. We see in them what the existing genes can do if they are in favourable combinations and get a favourable environment. It is the job of research to discover the most favourable combinations and environment for various purposes. For the rest, let us always remember: Characteristics (phenotypes) are never inherited biologically; genes are!

C. LEONARD HUSKINS
University of Wisconsin.

SOVIET COLOUR

SIR,—Technical innocence pairs with anti-Soviet allergy in Mr. William Whitebait to prevent a gullibility toward "puffery" unworthy of a film critic.

The Fall of Berlin is patently manufactured in Sovcolour. Sovcolour is a colour process improved by Soviet technicians from Agfacolor. Agfacolor was acquired by the Soviet film industry only as a sequel to Soviet occupation of Eastern Germany *after* the fighting in World War II had concluded.

A simple deductive process, without the necessity for outside assurance, should suffice for the conclusion that *The Fall of Berlin* contains no newsreel material and that, whatever the casualty list among its cameramen, this must have been due to old age or directorial ulcers rather than peril from hostilities which concluded several years before the film was begun. Elementary, Mr. Whitebait.

IVOR MONTAGU

FREE ENTRY

SIR,—Through the columns of the *N. S. & N.* we wish to bring to your notice the serious attack made by the Home Office on the democratic rights of the British people, constituting a complete breach of the traditional right of freedom of assembly in Britain.

It concerns the ban on the entry of young people of other countries invited to the British Youth Peace Festival at Sheffield this Whitsun.

In order to implement practically one of the themes of the Festival—"World Youth Friendship"—young artists, sportsmen, acrobats from abroad have been invited to join British youth at Sheffield and make their contribution to the cultural programme. How ludicrous it is to stop acrobats, trick cyclists, footballers and dancers from coming to this country. If British sportsmen can go to the Olympics at Helsinki and compete against other national sportsmen, why can't they do so on British soil? The cultural presentations of our young friends from abroad will express their love of life and peace, our friends will extend a hand of friendship to Britain's youth. Their coming here can only break down barriers of international misunderstanding.

British Youth Festival Committee. BEN BIRNBAUM *Chairman*

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Books in General

"Oh, Bertie, I hear you are writing *another* book," Lady Russell protested, when fifty-five years ago her grandson, to her disgust, again put by the poisoned chalice of the political career which she proffered him. The protest went by unheeded; Lord Russell has by now written 56 books and some 350-400 articles; and to celebrate his eightieth birthday has published another volume, *The Impact of Science on Society*.* Such vigorous longevity, such industry, and such a title impel one to ask what has been the impact of Bertrand Russell on society.

There are, of course, two Russells. The first is our greatest living philosopher, the recipient of the Order of Merit and the creator of modern logical analysis. Professor Dorward, who has written an excellent pamphlet for the layman on Russell's philosophy, calls him the most original philosopher in this country since Hume.† His work on mathematical logic and the great paper on Descriptions (1905) changed the nature of philosophic inquiry. Philosophy could no longer claim to be the queen of the sciences reconciling all apparent contradictions, knowledge could no longer claim to modify the thing unknown, logic could no longer claim to deduce the relation of a thing to other things by virtue of its intrinsic character. Russell unravelled a lot of puzzling problems in the logic of mathematics and science, and also showed that many genuine questions could not be related to propositions within the natural sciences. His main achievement was to disentangle sense from nonsense by dividing philosophy into a number of small problems which, when solved, still gave no answer to the Riddle of the Universe. At the end of his great period in 1921, philosophy resembled a block of flats outside which sat an ill-assorted crew of ejected tenants: clergymen, mystics, idealists, sages and humanists, each of whom had been trying to occupy all the rooms in the building simultaneously. Acting as bailiff, Russell declared them to be in illegal possession and ordered them to move to another address. Under his jurisdiction the flats today are filled by his nominees who are cleaning up the debris left by the squatters, and only occasionally raising their voices in anguish when the tenant upstairs hammers too hard. Since then the neighbourhood has not had perhaps quite the same social *cachet*, but in my opinion it is infinitely more respectable.

The public at first applauded Russell's work for they were then in a mood to enjoy seeing great men and great ideas deflated; more recently it has felt in some way cheated and longs for an occasional glimpse of a cassock or a prophetic beard. As a result, some of the old tenants have hopefully set up their pulpits on the pavement. Nevertheless, Professors Austin, Ayer, Ryle and Wisdom are firmly in possession, and that passport to success in English life, a First in Greats, can now be obtained by showing expert ability in handling the tools which Russell invented. Even if the current has begun to run out of the channels cut by him, it still irrigates the country which he discovered. Russell's methods absolved you from listening to nonsense (in the inoffensive meaning of the word) and forcing yourself to believe it to be Truth. This is the Russell I revere.

Then there is the second Russell. He is the Nobel prizewinner and writer on social problems: so heterodox that he has been deprived of academic office on occasions here and in America. He wears an eighteenth-century full-bottomed wig, Victorian mutton-chop whiskers, and has taken off all his clothes. This he explains by saying that he has no wish to masquerade as a philosopher; that when he writes about fiscal reform, war, marriage, China, the suffrage, industry, science, education or Communism, he is exercising the right of every citizen to speak his mind on subjects of common interest; but he does not claim that his opinions are true in the sense that certain propositions in philosophy can be shown to be true. This sounds reasonable; but it would be even more reasonable, we suggest, edging him towards several excellent tailors in the social sciences, to buy a suit appropriate to his new profession? But Russell strides past talking hard. We listen to the agreeable flow, the clear, witty, mordant sentences; but very soon we realise that he is talking—in the inoffensive meaning of the word—nonsense.

Russell is an eighteenth-century Whig whose natural optimism and paternalism are leavened by Victorian pessimism and Victorian advanced views. He writes as if man can still best be considered as behaving rationally: as having fixed goals and choosing the means to attain those goals. These ends and means could be sensible and good, were not men perverted by their rulers who today are able, by improved scientific techniques, consciously and rationally to direct their subjects to behave evilly and irrationally. What stands in the way of stopping war, controlling the birth-rate and improving living standards? "Only the evil passions of human minds." Russell has jokingly called himself an anachronism, but this is meiosis: he is an antediluvian. Such views were held before the flood—the flood which occurred when Russell was young and when Weber and Durkheim revolutionised social theory. Russell writes:

> It is, however, just possible that mankind may prefer to survive and prosper rather than to perish in misery, and if so, national liberty will have to be effectively restrained.

Mankind has no such choice: the sentence is meaningless or it is rhetoric. Russell, like the Utilitarians, fails to distinguish between what belongs to the definition of a social situation and what belongs to individual motivation. He confuses the individual as the product of his social milieu with the isolated unique person.

Much of his social theory derives from preconceived deductions about "human nature." Like Frazer, he regards religion as superstition or primitive pre-science. Yet Malinowski long ago refuted this interpretation by showing that primitive man did not confuse the realm of the supernatural and sacred with the utilitarian and rational: magic and ritual were ways of explaining what some philosophers call "limiting questions," and adjusting people psychologically to the inexplicable. Durkheim argued that sacred objects are symbols and that one must identify the referents of those symbols. Weber added that a pattern of thought which influences human behaviour does not require to be assimilable to the pattern of thought in the natural sciences—an idea which should be intelligible enough to Russell. All this need not affect Russell's sturdy belief that religion is untrue and that there is no evidence for God's existence; but it should prevent him from dismissing religion or non-rational forces as ridiculous anachronisms which could easily be eliminated from society. Moreover, when Russell says that Pavlov and Freud are not in *essential* conflict, he shows himself haunted by the Victorian desire to see all knowledge as a unity: his sociology is Spencerian Positivism. He writes as if the only alternative theories of social action are either pragmatism or determinist Marxism, both of which eliminate or traduce the judgments of value which Russell wishes to make. But modern social theory does not eliminate conscious choice as a factor in human behaviour, it merely describes the nature and limits of its operation. Above all, it is based on observation—and is it not strange that Russell, for whom the superiority of scientific thought consists exactly in this basing of statements of fact on observation and not on authority—is it not strange that he has turned his back on the past fifty years of empirical research into social behaviour? The methodological problems which Weber and Durkheim faced are admittedly difficult: but what most men find difficult is childs' play to Russell.

Many philosophic minds do not think historically but Russell's mind is exceptionally unhistorical. Despite his assertions to the contrary, he is interested in the past solely as an ammunition dump. From it he selects shells to fire at his enemies, but they are so inaccurately fused that they fail to explode.

> The men who made the Munich settlement would pretend (*a*) that the Jews didn't go in for pogroms; (*b*) that Jews enjoyed being massacred.

Little as one may care for those men, only the use of the conditional tense (frequently used by French leader writers to forestall libel actions) acquits Russell of a whopper. This polemical use of history, which is designed to support his political theory, is based on Mill. Mill tried to rejuvenate Utilitarianism by assimilating intuitionism, historicism and Socialism. He failed: but whereas he genuinely tried to revise his method of thought, Russell simply slaps on the new plaster—here a patch of syndicalism, there a blob of class struggle or anarchism—and hopes that it will stick. As a result he involves himself in hopeless contradictions and reminds one of a juggler, his whole bag of tricks aloft, but calamitously attempting the splits.

To take Russell seriously as a social philosopher is therefore difficult. Does this mean that I think his writing worthless? Not at all. I value it for expressing prejudices many of which are dear to my heart. As a Whig, Russell dislikes priests and kings, and with them he lumps teachers, policemen, civil servants and the whole "insolent aristocracy of jacks in office." "Whenever you meet an official, my

* *The Impact of Science on Society*. By Bertrand Russell. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.
† *Bertrand Russell*. By Alan Dorward. *Longmans*. 1s. 6d.

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boy," he seems to say, "kick his shins." This attitude to all who hold positions of authority seems to me wholesome. For authority encourages not merely love of power but indolence of mind. Does one, he asked recently, "regret that Pitt failed to catch and hang Tom Paine? ... For my part I was brought up in childhood to execrate Pitt, and see no reason to change."

I enjoy and approve of these outbursts; Russell is right to insist that a handful of individual, tireless reformers can change their times and that chance plays a large part in human destiny. His simple faith has this merit: if you believe that evil comes largely from stupidity, you will spend your days trying to eradicate it. Russell therefore does not glorify man; he preaches humility and offers a life of self-sacrificial crusading for the happiness of man through love of human beings. To me the human beings whom Russell loves seem to be wraiths who lack flesh and bone: they remain singularly abstract. Still, one must take his word that love of his fellow men inspires him; and who can doubt that he has done more than his share in making institutions more humane by jeering at stupidity and refusing to countenance cruelty under any political label or in any country?

Nevertheless, his books on society are largely collections of incantations and hymns on the sacred theme of freedom and reason reminding us by overstatement (as most hymns do) that we possess free will to do good. In order to be potent, incantations must mysteriously but effectively relate to our conception of how the world works, and Russell's vision of society has been too remote from that conception to spellbind. The values he inculcates are decent, though the apparatus used to sustain them is sadly out of date: but what does still strike home is his character. His is a spirit that disdains envy or malice and would fight with dignity and fire for an unpopular principle, were all England against him. NOEL ANNAN

THE SCALE OF THINGS

I was holding my son's hand
As he pattered the low wall.
He could have snapped a leg
Alone in a fall, so frail
His flesh in the two-year-old
World his perceptions own.
—This marsh and river scene
Where everything named for him
Is paradise-new: it is not
The brutal world we mean
By "1951."

The full-fed emerald green
Pedestrian caterpillar
Seeking its place of trance
To lie in till its wings
In that amazing change
Give it a new range
In the dark honeyed air:
What chance brought it there
Under the poised foot?

There was the scale of things
That no hand-hold of love
Could keep them from.
I was the wretched Greek
Who from a scene as slight
Divined the Furious Doom
That dogs humanity,
And knowing he was right
Still went to bed that night
In hopes of dreamless sleep.
But lay awake. As I.

PATRIC DICKINSON

GILDING THE AGED LILY

Commentary on Age. By KENNETH WALKER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Walker is a member of an increasingly rare species, a scientist who can write. He writes, indeed, so easily, informs us so agreeably and entertains us so graciously that he puts a spell upon the reader who thinks that things of great originality and importance are being said. It is only later reflection that sometimes leads him to wonder whether the importance was not exaggerated and the originality mainly skill in concealing origins. Mr. Walker seeks to show that old age should not inspire the fear that it does, but that if it is not to be fearful, it must be prepared for. Hence the main purpose of the book is "to show there is no phase of life for which preparation is more necessary or more rewarding than preparation for the later years of life." Just as we prepare for manhood in childhood and adolescence, so in middle age we should prepare for old, for old age is a rag-bag which contains the bits and pieces that we have shot into it in middle age. Mr. Walker likens his job to that of an accountant who is drawing up a balance sheet of the unaudited accounts of the old. The items on the sheet are, inevitably, largely physiological. We are told of the bodily changes of the old, of the ageing of the tissues, of the calcifying of the cartilages, of the general drying-up and shrinking of the carcase, of the possibilities—not at present very hopeful—of rejuvenation, of man's increased span of life and of our changing attitude to age.

As to the psychological life of the old, it is often so fruitful and interesting that Mr. Walker is led to liken it to the final chapters of a good book. Take creative work, for example; the investigations of Charlotte Buhler are quoted to show that the best creative work is a product of "inner integrity and harmony." Now these apparently may be attained at any age. Look at Goethe, at Victor Hugo and Voltaire, at the late Beethoven and Handel, look even more significantly at the aged Verdi, and so on. The great things are to keep free of emotional disturbances and to maintain external interests.

The general assumption that pervades the book being that life is a good thing and that there is no reason why it shouldn't remain so until the end, I propose to make Mr. Walker a present of a quotation from a Taoist philosopher which fits exactly into the outline of the picture he would draw:

> If a man desires too much or overworks and does not rest in time, the result will be the illness of Time. If he cannot control his passions he will get older and older and the result will be the illness of Age. The great thing is to keep life easy and the body young, since both mind and body have no inherent defect or trouble.

Nevertheless, the weight of the authority of mankind is against Mr. Walker. For example, he quotes from that last wonderful chapter of Ecclesiastes, an allegory on growing old, but omits the dreadful remark, "The clouds return after the rain" which, being interpreted, means, I take it, that if as a young man you fall ill, when you get well, you really get well and that is the end of it; but when you are old and fall ill you never completely recover, or you recover for a time but presently the defect, the illness, the impotence, the lethargy, the pain comes back, so that you are never wholly well again. One of the most distressing features of the failing body is that it drags down the spirit in its fall, so that, as Mr. Walker does not fail to point out, the mind whose horizon has been the measure of the universe, contracts and contracts until its attention is centred upon a defective bladder or concentrates upon the struggle to get breath. As for the characters of the old, Mr. Walker himself admits that "earlier weaknesses of character become more apparent."

But it is the housing of the old that, according to Mr. Walker, constitutes to-day their chief problem. The obvious solution of institutions is vitiated by the fact that by and large the old can't abide one another. They quarrel and get on one another's nerves. What most old people want is the society of young people. They desire to live with and be tended by their young relatives. But this, as Mr. Walker points out, demands sacrifices from the young, sacrifices which the housing shortage, the difficulty of getting outside help, the absence of increasing numbers of women in factory and office, have made almost intolerable. For example, if you have old people living with you, you can't take holidays. What, then, is to be done with the old, some 6,770,000 of them of pensionable age, almost two-thirds of them women, and what tolerable provision can be made for them?

Mr. Walker's determined cheerfulness—the old have leisure to think, a new tolerance (?), a greater reverence for life; in fact, "old age is wealthy" and so on—tempts me to adapt an argument which Dr. Johnson used in another connection. "Sir, all the arguments you adduce to show that old age is no evil, show it in fact to be a very great evil. Nobody strives to convince you that you can be happy and healthy at the age of twenty-one." C. E. M. JOAD

LOST WEEK-END

The Palm-Wine Drinkard. By AMOS TUTUOLA. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a freak. It ought to have been spoken, not printed, and I hope someone will be wise enough to try it out on the air; it is a pure example of oral literature. If we fail to hear the pained, hollow, hoarse African voice, rough as a coco skin, sweet as its juice, steam-rolling through the lazy tale, then we shall miss half of its quality. We shall miss the body in it for, in a sense, *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* is a story told blindly by a body. Who is Amos Tutuola? The publishers say merely that he is a West-African. They print a page of his neat, mission-English hand, but did this African Lost Week-end come out of him or was he taking it down from some old African, or tribal story-teller? It sounds like an old man's tale. The book badly needs a preface which would answer the reader's curiosity about a peculiar naive talent.

Mr. Tutuola's first paragraph knocks one flat.

> I was a palm-wine drinkard since I was a boy of ten years of age. I had no other work more than to drink palm wine in my life. In those days we did not know other money, except Cowries, so that everything was very cheap, and my father was the richest man in our town.
>
> My father got eight children and I was the eldest among them, all of the rest were hard workers, but I myself was an expert palm-wine drinkard. I was drinking palm-wine from morning till night and from night till morning. By that time I could not drink ordinary water at all except palm-wine.

When the father saw that this was the son's life-work, he appreciated the situation and gave him a palm-tree farm nine miles square, with 560,000 palm trees, and engaged a tapster for him. Served by his tapster, the heroic drinkard consumed 150 kegs every morning, rested a while and finished another 75 kegs in the evenings. His friends were uncountable. For 15 years this bliss continued and then the tapster, who had a drop taken himself, fell off a tree and was killed. No tapster, no more palm wine and no more friends. The drinkard turned to water "but I did not satisfy with it as palm-wine." There was only one course open: to collect all his native juju, and his father's, to remember his name, "Father of gods who can do anything in the world," and to find the tapster in the land of the dead.

Where does the drinkard's journey lead him? Is it in this world or the next, or between the two, in the personal fantasy of a sublime bender or in folk-lore? A good deal in the last, but palm wine has beatifically dissolved the hard edges of reality. Occasionally we are in a "real" African scene, but we see it through African eyes:

> There was a big market in this town from where the daughter was captured, and the market day

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was fixed for every fifth day and the whole people of that town and from all the villages round the town and also spirits and curious creatures from various bushes and forests were coming to this market every fifth day to sell or buy articles.

The drinkard can have the stolen daughter if he rescues her, but only after the classical tests of folk-lore. He must first capture Death in his house. He does so by a trick; but "now Death has no house, we are hearing his name about in the world." After that the drinkard must rescue the daughter from the "complete gentleman," an irresistible man who—in an extraordinarily shrewd piece of imaginative invention—merely hires all the parts of his body from others, before he goes to the market. For "the complete gentleman" is no more than an abstraction created by a primitive Moss Bros.; when he takes back his borrowed parts, he is merely a skull.

The drinkard wins, of course, and now he has a wife to tap palm wine for him; but we suppose it was not like the old days, for the couple continue the search for the dead tapster. Horrors now descend on them. Towns are bewitched and burned down; the woman's thumb gives birth to a monstrous son who lays everything waste, until they have to burn him to death. He then becomes half a son and is even worse. The couple suffer terrible tortures, the drinkard's juju fails him, he forgets his power of godhead; one moment he can turn his wife into a doll or disappear into the air, but the next he is powerless. One is living inside a savage imagination which is searing, bloody, fiery and horrible. Yet there are beneficent spirits: the witch in the tree with her hospital, for example, and the dead tapster himself (walking backwards, as all the dead do) who gives him an egg which will keep him in palm wine for life. Leaving the town of the dead, the drinkard meets the newly dead travelling to the town. All are harmless except—as one has learned to expect from this writer—the children. Violent, organised in marching hordes, they burn, slaughter and lay waste everywhere.

In such a formless extravagance, there is, of course, the tedium of the continual fantasy; it is relieved in those places where we detect some symbolism in the images. The white spirits that cry out with cold round the fire and go writhing into the bush and then miserably return, are the wreaths of smoke. We see the psychological point when the drinkard and his wife sell their death to the hospital woman of the white tree for £70 18s. 6d. and lend their fear out to someone on interest. We respond to the jokes of animism; there is this account of what appears to be hysteria:

> So as he mercilessly stabbed us with that stick, we felt pain and talked out, but at the same time that the whole of them heard our voice, they laughed at us as if bombs explode and we knew "Laugh" personally on that night, because as everyone of them stopped laughing at us, "Laugh" did not stop for two hours. As "Laugh" was laughing at us on that night, my wife and myself forgot our pain and laughed with him, because he was laughing with curious voices that we never heard before in our life. We did not know the time we fell into his laugh but we were only laughing at "Laugh's" laugh and nobody who heard him when laughing would not laugh, so if somebody continued to laugh with "Laugh" himself, he or she would die or faint at once for long laughing, because laugh was his profession and he was feeding on it. Then they began to beg "Laugh" to stop, but he could not.

That is a sophisticated passage. Amos Tutuola is not precisely a primitive or a natural; on the other hand, he is not falsely naive. He represents a serious interplaying of European and West African culture. He is in and out of the unconscious like some amphibian; warm-mouthed, idle and humane. Mind and body are melted together, indeed soaked (one might say) in the nightmares and beatitude of the wine. He is totally removed from that studied naivety, that *fin-de-siècle* Pre-Raphaelite note, with its peasant touch, which English renderings of African folk-lore have had. Amos Tutuola is proud of the modern note: "the telephone voice," the bomb exploding, the office words. What is finally interesting is the lack of Christian reference (unless we see it in the charity of the hospital tree) and the fact that the White man is mentioned only once: to the Dead Town whites and blacks all go. Death, like life, is a paint we put on.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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THE SPANIARDS IN FLORIDA

The Florida of the Inca. By GARCILASO DE LA VEGA. Translated by JOHN and JEANETTE VARNER. *Nelson.* 30*s.*

Several recent publications have indicated the growth of a long-retarded interest in the early Spanish and Portuguese discoveries. The movement should be as advantageous to the general reader as to the scholar, for these grandiose Iberian expeditions, equipped with spectacular armies and the paraphernalia of wealth and power, are often more enthralling than the humbler if more practical Elizabethan trading ventures. *The Florida of the Inca* presents for the first time in English a complete account of one of the most ambitious and heroic of Spanish expeditions, that of the thousand picked warriors, who, led by Hernando de Soto, in 1539 entered unexplored Florida in search of gold. They maintained themselves for five years exploring a hostile and barbarous country until the three hundred survivors escaped to Mexico in boats they had themselves constructed on the banks of the Mississippi.

The expedition was exceptionally fortunate in its chronicler, Garcilaso de la Vega, son of a Spanish nobleman and an Inca princess, who received a European education along with the traditions of Inca civilisation, travelled in Europe and retired to Spain, where he wrote the *Florida* and the more famous *Commentarios Reales*, the history of Peru. By reason of his Indian and Spanish ancestries, of which he was equally proud, he was uniquely qualified to appreciate both sides of the struggle involved in the Spanish colonisation of the New World. The Indians, as he was aware, might be primitive and at times savagely treacherous, but they possessed a valour, eloquence, and sense of personal dignity and honour not exceeded by their enemies. If, as he tells us, half a dozen Spaniards sallied into the Mississippi in an amateurishly made boat against a thousand canoes packed with Indians in full battle cry, seven young Indians were capable of defying the Spanish army for thirty hours, fighting as they swam in a lake, although they were repeatedly offered their lives. Indeed, a great merit of Garcilaso's work is that he reveals fundamental similarities between the two races which explain their sudden emotional friendships no less than their merciless antagonism.

I am not qualified to say how closely this translation corresponds to the original; from the footnotes one would judge it to be an unusually scrupulous rendering. The result, certainly, is a most readable narrative, written in a cool, lucid prose cast in an agreeable modern idiom. As was perhaps inevitable in a work of this length, the translators have limited themselves to the minimum of historical and topographical notes. Fortunately, Garcilaso's narrative is largely self-explanatory, for unlike most sixteenth-century writers, he had the ability to manage a long story without confusion or repetition. He also had a respect for realism much in advance of his time. Meeting some survivors of the Florida expedition in Peru, he later, with the tenacity of a born historian, tracked down one of them in Europe who dictated and corrected his manuscript which he then checked against the brief written reports of two other eye-witnesses. Thus, while this account, written a quarter of a century after the event, cannot be assumed to be entirely accurate, it can be conceded an authenticity exceedingly rare in historical works of the period.

It is misleading, I think, that the translators should have referred, in their short introduction, to the influence of contemporary Spanish chivalrous romance. Garcilaso's work, mercifully, shows no trace of the extravagant elaboration of the Amadis de Gaul, and if some of his tales of heroism resemble those of the romances of chivalry (but of the *Chansons de geste* rather than degenerate progeny), this only goes to show that the romances of chivalry had a sound basis of realism. If a literary influence is to be observed in the *Florida*, it is rather that of the Italian *novella*; the story of Juan Ortiz, captured by the Indians in a previous expedition, tortured by one chief, protected by another and miraculously reunited with his countrymen, reads like the best of the romantic type of *novelle*.

While it is understandable that the translators should have left critical commentary to others, I am bound to complain that they have identified too few of the place names in the light of modern geography, and neglected to provide an intelligible map.

DOROTHY CARRINGTON

EVER AFFECTIONATELY

Dearest Isa: ROBERT BROWNING'S LETTERS TO ISABELLA BLAGDEN. Edited by EDWARD C. MCALEER. *Nelson.* 25*s.*

"Dearest Isa," wrote Browning, as he was to do so many times in their eleven years of correspondence: "wherever you are, is much that I rest on in this world . . . but the end—if I am able to arrange it—of my life will be spent in Italy, where you will be." Was it such a surprising wish? Isa Blagden, a few years younger than the Brownings, was their close friend in the Jamesian society of Florence; then, at his wife's death, the poet's indispensable support. A year later, when he had settled in London with the problematical Pen and she had returned to the Italian scene which better suited her quietly volatile temperament, they wrote to each other on a specified day of every month until, quite suddenly in 1873, she died. "A bright, electric, delicate woman," Browning called her; "an eager little lady," wrote Henry James, "who has gentle, gay, black eyes and whose type gives, visibly enough, the hint of East Indian blood."

It was said that she was born in India, perhaps illegitimately, of a native mother and European father. It is certain that she was much liked; it is also certain that the novels by which she chiefly supported herself were of no merit whatever—though both Chapman and Tauchnitz published them. Magnetic, independent, kind—she is still a shadowy figure. Her letters to Browning have not survived. But Browning's remain; they may be read in this handsome volume, rich in those anecdotal notes which flower out of American research; and he was surely never again at such conversational ease in writing, outside his poetry.

Even so, what do we find? Nothing of painting; nothing of music; no flash of landscape that a tourist might not have described; no solemn words about the nature of poetry; hardly a sentence with the same *sound*, even, as the poems. Rugged good sense and impatience are what come through; hints of a leaping reputation, the commonplaces, large and small, of news. Some of it has kept a tenuous interest. What's to be done about Landor, growing every day more old and crazy? And about Wilson, once Ba's maid, now penniless and "queer," parted from her Italian husband, abused by her English relations? Then for years there is trouble with the plans for Ba's monument at Florence (a sarcophagus on six truncated pillars—Leighton's design). Isa, best of friends, is to see that the grave is dealt with reverently. Finally, and all the time, there is the question of what to do with Pen—a problem from that day, a week after his mother's death, when he lost his golden curls and velvet suit, and with them, it seemed, all his early charm and original powers for ever. Amiable and feckless, caring chiefly for billiards, boating and shooting, a failure at Oxford, a painter (*faute de mieux*) by occupation, we see him in his father's letters now shying from, now edging towards, that fantastic image of the Casa Guidi childhood, as indeed he was to do all of his life.

It is true that, as we track our way through the gossip, worries and small-talk, we are sometimes rewarded by a bold phrase or paragraph in which the hidden Browning seems for a moment to appear. It may be, though not often (surprisingly) a visual recollection: "Oh, those walls and the way back—and the gate, and the long street and corner house bent sharp like a card!"; or an analysis of the odd character shared by the Barrett family; or part of an apt though kindly criticism of Isa's latest novel ("even two potatoes are *unlike*—but two *men*, Isa!") Now it is a sweeping away of the notion that sailors have a special sense of the poetry of the sea. "Poetry in a sailor's life there is, but the beginning of it is the contempt he has for its dangers, the longing to get out of its reach and be with 'Poll,' etc." And there are two or three occasions when he is stung into a revealing piece of critical commentary:

> Yes, I have read Rossetti's poems—and poetical they are—*scented* with poetry, as it were, like trifles of various sorts you take out of a cedar or sandalwood box: you know I hate the effeminacy of his school—the men that dress up like women—that use obsolete forms, too, and archaic accentuations to seem soft—fancy a man calling it a lily . . . then, how I hate "Love" as a lubberly naked young man putting his arms here and his wings there about a pair of lovers—a fellow they would kick away in the reality. . . .

or, on Tennyson:

> We look at the object of art in poetry so differently! Here is an Idyll about a knight being untrue to his friend and yielding to the temptation of that friend's mistress after having engaged to assist him in his suit. I should judge the conflict in the knight's soul the proper subject to describe: Tennyson thinks he should describe the castle and the effect of the moon on its towers, and anything *but* the soul.

Yet it would be a mistake, I think, to look for Browning only in these and not in the ordinary flat passages. He was not a reflective, like Wordsworth, daily renewing the material of his reflection. Nor was he a chronic and diffused eccentric like Tennyson, whose complexities were in his disposition rather than in his work. Violence, ecstasy or some other immediate experience provides the occasion of most of Browning's poems, and to this the humdrum stuff was a necessary complement—whether in poetry or in life. He said as much in the short poem *Memorabilia*. During these eleven quite fruitful years, and even later, the source of his inspiration did not lie in Warwick Avenue, or indeed in the London scene and society at all. He could not, he declared, take root again.

> The general impression of the past [he wrote to Isa] is as if it had been pain. I would not live it over again, not one day of it. Yet all that seems my real *life*—and before and after, nothing at all: I look back on all my life when I look *there*: and life is painful. . . .

This, from Browning, has a strange ring. In Isa, however, he had a living link with that past which through its association, could rouse in him a feeling more disturbing than that of casual fondness. No wonder that he was to the last restless for her letters ("I expect them a long while beforehand, and remember them as long; and so it will always be"). And without some understanding of the place of past and present in his temperament, it would be hard to realise that, at the very time covered by the letters in this collection, he was also writing the greater part of *Dramatis Personæ* and the whole of *The Ring and the Book*.

NAOMI LEWIS

IN AND OUT OF WAR

The White Rabbit. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Evans.* 16*s.*

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Remember and Be Glad. By CYNTHIA ASQUITH. *Barrie.* 16*s.*

Memoirs, they might well be called, of Dark Ages. Tyrannies, superstitions, hatreds, deaths, muddles, tortures: merely to have survived them is something; and while the armies are resting, the barriers re-erected, we have time to look round and wonder. Which could be worse, for example, the annihilating Lie or the Atom Bomb?

War itself is almost a distraction. It produces saints, heroes, experts of one kind and another. At second-hand, most of us, we know the battle-ground and the concentration camp; we have escaped (by proxy) along tunnels and, in colonel's uniform, jumped from a flaming plane without parachute at 10,000 feet, led a resistance movement, spied and been spied upon, reconnoitred a thousand miles of desert or, in a jungle which is itself the enemy, hunted the enemy. Most terrifying, and farthest from common experience, are the adventures of those who have had to resist torture. Perhaps, finally, we can no more understand that than the degradation of those who inflict it. *The White Rabbit* brings us again the endurance, the quick-wittedness, the calm, and—most amazing of all—the survival of one whom the Gestapo couldn't break. The story comes to us in the third person, written with a vivid reticence by a friend. To Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas, a pilot in War One, was delegated the task of introducing order into the chaos of French resistance. This involved a number of missions; he would be dropped, he would make contacts, he would—somehow or other—get back. In March, 1944, betrayed by an associate, he was arrested by the Gestapo as he descended the steps of Passy Métro station; and during the next eighteen months he suffered a series of imprisonments, interrogations, and tortures. One Gestapo trick was, after hours of questioning and beating, to drag him down to an ice-cold bath in a basement and there, before an audience of girls, drown and reanimate him six times in succession. Still they couldn't get the informa-

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tion they wanted and he held. Three weeks in a lightless dungeon, with a little soup every third day, had no more effect; and by various stages of duress he reached Buchenwald from which, escaping death by a miracle, he escaped to meet the advancing Allies. Well, there is the story, told very well and in detail by Mr. Bruce Marshall. We know the worst, we have shared the moods of loneliness and depression, and so far as such experiences can be communicated, the adventure is ours. But the final secret remains: how—without religious faith—courage and training alone can stand such a test. After this interlude Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas returned to the Molyneux dress salon in Paris, of which he is manager.

Lt.-Col. Oreste Pinto was an interrogator—not, let me add, of the torturing kind. For him cross-questioning is a chess-game, with security as the stake on one side, and possibly death by shooting on the other. Very artful he is at this game, and his many examples of master-play thrill outrageously, not less because of a romantic swagger that goes well with his name. General Eisenhower's "The greatest living expert on security" would qualify him if he hadn't qualified himself. Even his courage has an impudence of its own. His most astonishing trail led him to the arrest of "King Kong," giant leader of resistance in Brussels and agent for the Nazis, whose information gave away the landings at Arnhem: unfortunately, Lt.-Col. Pinto's suspicions were aroused too late to prevent this catastrophe. *Spycatcher* is a very readable and exciting book, and its author warns us not to forget the importance of Counter-Intelligence moves at all times.

The diplomat enjoys, even in war-time, a splendid immunisation. Mr. Thayer apparently had the time of his life as Third Secretary to the American Embassy in Moscow, interpreted and misinterpreted between the famous, introduced polo to the Russians (who so enjoyed it that they had to be prevented from turning the game into massacre), pulled the legs of the G.P.U., helped to fling Babylonian parties, and in general did abroad as the Americans do. The Russians rather liked him. His best feat (after polo) was to box furiously with Vishinsky in a lurching plane: soon, to keep warm, all the other passengers were doing the same. *Bears in Caviar* is as funny a book of its kind as I have read for a long while; and one doesn't feel that, for the sake of an anecdote, its author would wickedly distort truth. West Point, Moscow, Berlin are the stages in this shining frolic, from which we learn quite a lot about the countries concerned—at least, in and out of Embassy doors.

The community farm of Mr. Murry's title—an ark above the floods—was a venture, for which he provided the capital, and a group of young pacifists the labour: eventually it was to reach a co-operative basis. The difficulties were that not everyone worked well—or hard, that jealousies were frequent, and that, with the exception of Mr. Murry himself, crankiness would tend to override necessity. There were temperaments to consider (an idealism, for example, that took his £4,500 investment for granted, and was shocked that he should expect any return on it); so that after a while the idea of "community" became for him something of a stink. This new, practical Murry may surprise readers—as it did myself—for whom a touch of idealistic fog, anent Keats or Dostoevsky, may have seemed one of the Murry prerequisites. Here he is tough as nails, marshals argument and fact with a telling brevity, and was so far successful that his farm, which began by losing more than £1,000 a year, soon found itself making £1,000 profits. How many other intellectuals, with or without Mr. Murry's ideals, have proved themselves as good farmers as he?

Remember and Be Glad almost takes us, with its author's memories of childhood and early marriage, clean out of our twilight times. First there are the guests of her mother, Lady Elcho: Wells and Arthur Balfour, "Max," the Webbs, Charles Whibley, Hugh Cecil, Walter Raleigh. Then with marriage her own circle of friends. These include, with a charming diversity, D. H. Lawrence and Prof. Raleigh: who got on together surprisingly well. The chapter given to Lawrence conveys his particular enchantment admirably: the seagulls are not seagulls till he has seen them; and his dark side and prophetic strain accumulate with illness and war. His sadness has, in due time, become ours.

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FRESH FROM THE TIN

Townsman's Food. By MAGNUS PYKE. *Turnstile Press.* 15*s.*

Mr. Pyke used to be "Principal Scientific Officer (Nutrition)" in the Ministry of Food, and from his experience, then and before, he has written an agreeable and lucid account of what is done to the food which the ordinary British townee eats to-day. The style is easy without being exceptionally good, marred very occasionally by the archness of the higher Civil Servant; the word for it is the one he uses to describe the taste of "luncheon meat"—bland.

Necessarily, the book is mostly concerned with the effects of various chemical processes which are used to preserve or "improve" food (the inverted commas are Mr. Pyke's own). It is high praise to be able to say that these are described so clearly that nobody, however ignorant, can have the least difficulty in understanding a single page. The author is sceptical of a number of "improvements" and will even criticise the behaviour of his late Ministry: he describes an order exempting it from the food-labelling rules as "bureaucratic intolerance" and accuses it of debasing the standards of jam. Mostly, however, his verdicts are what are called "balanced"; that is to say, they hedge, but he can on occasion be downright as when he disposes of the rubbish talked by the people who oppose pasteurisation of milk.

What most readers will retain from the book is a memory of some at least of the surprising or enlightening items of information assembled here. The list of wholly terrifying egg-substitutes the Germans have invented. The possibility that shortly humanity will have to live on yeast, which will produce meat, fat and all you want from sawdust, molasses and the waste products of paper-mills. The reasons why no good British cheeses will ever be made again. Why canteen meats are so vile. (They cook meat, and let it grow cold, then mechanically slice it and pour hot "gravy" over it; if they mechanically sliced it while it was hot, pieces would break off.) How to tell old eggs. What causes false ripening. (This is ethylene, a gas which is naturally given off by many fruits, and when they are closed in a box will make them soften and change colour: but they don't always taste as they should.) What is the "deep freeze" process which has provided us recently with some vegetables which seem to have retained their original taste almost miraculously? (It's a form of scalding.)

The most unexpected result of the application of science to the preparation of food is, as many people know, that food poisoning has rapidly increased. One reason is that more "made up" foods can be provided, and germs can multiply in them. Another is that when great quantities of food are powdered and put together one tainted piece can contaminate the lot; the most notorious case is salmonella poisoning in dried egg. The third is one which he rebukes the press for refusing to publicise, so let it be repeated here. Mass preparation of foods means that it is handled more in factories; infection comes particularly through human excreta; toilet paper is no protection against it; any worker who comes back from the lavatory without washing her or his hands properly is a filthy creature and a public menace. The same, I presume, is true of cooks and kitchens.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Nicholas. By THOMAS HINDE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Antonio, the Great Lover. By VITALIANO BRANCATI. *Dobson.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A Touch of the Sun. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Road to the City. By NATALIA GINZBURG. *Hogarth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Nicholas lives on a private building-estate, a fantastic Betjeman-like Lotus-Land for the upper middle-classes, redolent of pines, tennis-flannels, and gin on the breath of retired army officers. He has an effaced wife, and three dumbly insolent sons; Peter is at Oxford, Owen is at grammar school and makes models and explosions ("It's terrific, five times as good as nitrate"), David is at Harrow and is abducted by a lonely artillery captain. Mr. Nicholas is a man of enormous, purposeless vitality: he dominates, organises, bullies and thwarts, seeking everywhere a flattery and admiration that are given under duress and are never quite of the quality he craves. He pushes his world uphill, till the slope becomes too steep and the world too heavy, and it rolls back on him. He takes to his bed ("You see, old boy, I'm not at all well") and is tended, amid the ruin of his grandeur, by Peter, unwilling Cordelia to his Lear.

Mr. Hinde unfolds this tragedy in terms of satire. The hell of family is by no means special to England—Mauriac has shown that it is practically universal in Bordeaux—but it is perhaps peculiarly English to be able to see it as not only terrible but ridiculous, an emblem of all that is disproportionate, and therefore comic, in the petty causes and the obsessive effects of human dissatisfaction. But the real subject of *Mr. Nicholas*, as perhaps the real subject of every novel should be, is hidden and mysterious. In all probability it is about the vanity of human relationships—the impossibility of true contact, and the fatal results of all efforts to impinge. We grind together like glass spheres, trying to do

better than touch at one geometric point, which is absurd. And it's about ennui—the cruel paradox, that life, "so various, so beautiful, so new," becomes irremediably spoiled the moment we begin to live it. There is nothing wrong with life itself—the fault is in ourselves, and it is the function of satire to tell us so. The writer brings to this task remarkable gifts of humour, understanding, formality and understatement; and one wonders what must be the total force of a writer who drives so smoothly under such powerful brakes.

Mr. Thomas Hinde is a young man of twenty-five, and this is his first novel. While ruminating and prodding at the first few chapters, I intended to qualify my praise, to use words like "potential" and "it may well be," and say that, however unusual the fledgling, one couldn't predict for certain that it would grow up into a swan. But the eagerly awaited padding, the unsuccessful scenes, the half-way collapse, the lame conclusion never came. Except for his freshness and energy, this alarming novelist isn't young at all; he writes like a lesser master of forty. Without resembling any of them more closely than in the indefinable degree to which they resemble one another, he reminds one of such novelists as Henry Green, Anthony Powell, Miss Elizabeth Bowen. In my opinion, a new Mandarin is born.

Signor Brancati's novel is a Sicilian joke; in order to appreciate it, it is necessary (and, thanks to the author's shameless vigour, easy) temporarily to become a Sicilian. Over the city of Catania looms Etna: in the bodies of Antonio's fellow-citizens smoulder its fires, but his own contains only its eternal snows; he is a ravishingly beautiful young man who excites in all women desires that he is regretfully incapable of satisfying. What is the consequence of that, and what will the world say? The answer is supplied by a volcanic archipelago of parents, uncles, maidens, notaries and priests; their dismay, incredulity and anger erupt in an astonishing flow of language, as molten as lava, as harsh, heady and vulgar as wine drunk jetting from a goatskin. Antonio himself is, alas, impossible as well as powerless; but he is a folk-hero, a Till Eulenspiegel whose whole point lies in his inability to perform merry pranks; he is the nucleus of incredibility that is essential to a legend. Besides, it is necessary that he should be unbelievable, in order that his fellows may be amazed, and express their amazement; for Sicily in verbal action is the overriding theme of this entertaining and highly finished folk-satire. Could Signor Brancati's work, if Antonio had been made a person rather than a comic myth, have gained as a novel without losing as a folk-tale? That, it must be confessed, is a question one feels absolutely impotent to determine.

Whether the macabre romantic forest has been cut down, or writers have simply walled it off, we are certainly and deplorably deprived of the use of it. The major importance of Mr. Sansom is that he is simultaneously trying to tunnel through, and to grow enchanter's nightshade in his own back-garden. He is no Poe, any more than M. P. Shiel or Arthur Machen were, but he is a link in an unfinished chain of long-term literary history, a caretaker; keep the lost domain of Arnheim green, prevent the crack in the House of Usher from closing, and some day Poe's inheritor will come to claim his own.

His art in *A Touch of the Sun* has been felt, in some quarters, to be tainted with the commercial. No doubt there are many readers of magazines who like to be given knee-jerks, and whom Mr. Sansom's full voltage would electrocute outright. But one prefers to believe that he is only adjusting his manner. Previously his stories were all about something dreadful happening; now, the suicide is unsuccessful, the murder does not occur, the lunatic turns out to be harmless: he writes about something dreadful not happening. Several of these tales are glossy failures. Two at least ("Murder," about a sweep and a snowman, and "On Stony Ground," about a young man wooing a horticultural sales-girl), seem to me more serenely beautiful than anything he has written previously. Perhaps the chief new trend is his dawning desire to enlist the reader's sympathy and self-identification (instead of, as before, his fright and rage); and one can imagine no evolution more likely to improve Mr. Sansom's talent, or to destroy it utterly, according to the way he takes.

What a piece of work is the *nouvelle*—in form, how express and admirable! Miss Natalia Ginzburg's two tales, which are excellently translated by Miss Frances Frenaye from the Italian, haven't the tautness which prevents the *nouvelle* at its best from being a mere short novel, nor the spacious harmony that makes it more than an over-length short-story. But their melancholy irony and deceptive simplicity make them resemble, more than anything Italian, the amorphous longer stories of Chekhov. Both are about young girls who catch a husband because they are bored with their families, and then find they have only created another family; one becomes resigned, the other shoots the brute. These stories have an enjoyable readability that doesn't often go with the vaguely distinguished.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

SPACE AND LIVING SPACE

Sir John Soane. By JOHN SUMMERSON. *Art & Technics.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

London Homes. By RALPH DUTTON. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

"Architecture," wrote Soane in a passage quoted by Mr. Summerson, "is an art purely of Invention (as opposed to Imitation in painting and sculpture), and Invention is the most painful and the most difficult exercise of the human mind." By imitation Soane meant, of course, imitation of nature: in all ages another kind of imitation has served architects as a ready substitute for the painful and difficult exercise of invention. And never more conspicuously than during the half-century of Soane's career as a practising architect. Thanks to the labours of Stuart and Revett and their successors in the task of recording and publishing the architectural remains of ancient Greece, the architect working in the last years of the eighteenth century and the first three decades of the nineteenth did not have to go any farther than his bookshelves for models for imitation which, if not always particularly adaptable to contemporary needs, at least possessed the immense advantage of being, it was held, unimprovable. The result was a large number of buildings of which criticism can find little more to say than that the portico is of the order of the Theseum, or of the Erectheum, or that the tower is a half-size version of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, while sometimes—more particularly in Scotland and in Germany—whole Greek buildings were closely reproduced.

Soane's work is quite another matter. When he quotes from the classics—and, being as learned in them as most, he often does—the quotations become an integral part of the text, so to speak, instead of being put between inverted commas into separate paragraphs. Nor is it as important to "get the reference" as it is with most neo-classical architecture: in his maturity Soane was far less concerned with the associative values of the classical elements of design than with the formal. Moreover, the impact of his work is extraordinarily direct, and anyone normally susceptible to aesthetic impressions will feel at once, on thumbing through Mr. Summerson's plates, that here is an artist with an intensely personal style.

In his text, after a sketch of Soane's character and a summary of the chief events in his life, Mr. Summerson sets about uncovering the foundations of that style—in French neo-classicism, in the theories of the Abbé Laugier, in the architecture of Robert Adam, of Sir John Vanbrugh ("the Shakespeare of architects," as Soane called him), and above all in that of Soane's "revered master," George Dance the younger; we are left with as neat a job of excavation as anyone could ask for, and as few indeed among English writers on architecture could give us. By selecting the Bank Stock Office of 1792 as the key work of Soane's career, Mr. Summerson underlines the important truth that Soane was never more original than when designing interiors. Writing of one of the strangest of the interiors designed by him, the long demolished Freemasons' Hall, he suggests that Soane was here, as also in the dining-room at 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, "trying to obtain a Gothic effect with means drawn from the classical vocabulary." None of Soane's interiors looks very Gothic to twentieth-century eyes, however. Whereas a Gothic vault seems to grow organically from the supporting structure, a result of Soane's customary omission of the entablature between walls and vaulted ceiling is to emphasise, and indeed exaggerate, their independence; it is as if the ceiling had been made separately and dropped into place like a lid. This denial of constructional fact by an architect who was a fine constructor is no accident: it is Soane's way of making the spectator more acutely conscious of the qualities of enclosed space—qualities perhaps more thoroughly explored and exploited by him than by any other English architect before or since.

One might have expected to find some mention of 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which for twenty years was Soane's home as well as his museum, in Mr. Dutton's book. One might also have expected that a glance at an earlier work by Mr. Summerson would have saved Mr. Dutton from telling us that King Square (now Soho Square) was so named by the Duke of Monmouth out of filial duty, when it was named after the herald Gregory King whose speculation it was. Then while Mr. Dutton is no doubt entitled to his opinion that the crouching figures of Alfred Stevens's Dorchester House fireplace "have a strength and grace which place them almost in the same circles [*sic*] as the works of Michel-

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ROBERT HALE

angelo," it is simply not true that the Earl of Arundel sent Evelyn to Rome to buy antiques, or that most of the houses on the park side of Queen Anne's Gate have been rebuilt, or that Northumberland House always had a lion atop the Strand front. *London Homes* is a pleasantly enough written and illustrated account of the development of residential London from the Restoration to the death of Queen Victoria for a reviewer to wish that his pencil had not flown to the margin quite so often.

MARCUS WHIFFEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Queen at Home. By VERA WATSON. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

From the Lord Chamberlain's papers deposited in the Public Record Office, Miss Watson has extracted some interesting domestic details of life in the Royal Palaces under Queen Victoria. Much of the information brought to light is financial. We learn, for instance, what the Queen spent on her clothes year by year, the cost of her Coronation, how much her servants were paid, and the valuation of the lost property found in Buckingham Palace. We learn, too, that the royal dusters had a habit of disappearing; and of other tiny scandals such as the drunken organist at Hampton Court, the royal swan that appeared for sale on a poulterer's slab, and the chimney sweepers' boys, who were still climbing 50 of the 250 chimneys at Windsor years after the Act forbidding the practice had been passed.

But the drains at Windsor were a greater disgrace than the chimneys. The main drain was constructed in 1846, but so neatly divided was the responsibility between the Lord Chamberlain and the Office of Works that two years later it was still not connected with the lavatories, and the whole Castle reeked of sewerage. The most amusing document quoted by Miss Watson is a letter from Odo Russell in Berlin, reporting on the table manners of the Shah of Persia, whose expected arrival in London on a State visit was flustering the Lord Chamberlain. "Nobody ventures to tell the Shah . . . that he should not take Her Majesty by the elbow to make her get up . . . or raise his voice so as to startle the company, or put his fingers into dishes, or take food out of his mouth again to look at it after it has been chewed or fling it under the table if it does not suit his taste. . . ."

The Cinque Ports. By RONALD and FRANK JESSUP. *Batsford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

There has long been a need for a good popular book on the Cinque Ports (of which there are in fact seven, only one in any real sense now a port): the Jessups' book fulfils the need admirably. It is at once scholarly and graceful. The authors' main interests are historical, but they do not forget that history, as Guedalla once remarked, is a branch of geography, and the rise and fall of the Cinque Ports and the two Ancient Towns is mainly a matter of geography, of shifting coast-lines and changing river-courses. Their feeling for place is accurate: they can, for example, convey in five lines the whole strange quality that makes Dungeness unique; and their more studied topographical descriptions, of Hythe, Rye, Sandwich, Winchelsea, New Romney and the rest, are equally perceptive. They have packed their little book with information; so much so, in fact, that one wishes the publishers could have spared them another dozen pages.

Inevitably, in the space at their disposal, their view of these stranded harbour-towns and the Romney Marsh that lies behind them is retrospective. Some information on the literary associations of the region would have further added to the book's general interest: it seems odd, for instance, to write of Rye without a mention of Lamb House and Henry James, of New Romney and the coast from Dungeness to Littlestone without referring to Wells, or of Hythe without at least a passing glance at the novels of Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who, incidentally, contributes a felicitous introduction to the book. Similarly, Ford Madox Ford might well have been remembered, for Rye and the Marsh inspired some of his best work. And perhaps more might have been made of the purely present-day aspects of the Towns and their hinterland. Sandwich and Rye have their famous golf-courses; the Marsh is probably the most highly mechanised farming area in the country; and one could have hoped that the tourists the Jessups persuade to visit the parish church at Lydd, a "limb" of New Romney, might have been sent on, farther up the High Street, to look at the quite excellent new municipal housing estate. But these are omissions that lie outside the limits the authors have set themselves: they do not prevent *The Cinque Ports* being a very good guide-book and topographical study.

Life in Thin Slices. By PATRICK CAMPBELL. Illustrations by RONALD SEARLE. *Falcon Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

On Sunday morning, if there's a lurking grin in us, and according to taste, we open our newspaper to Mr. Gubbins, Mr. Jennings, or Mr. Patrick Campbell. The first has for long given a favourite tickle to our stomach ulcers, and life in the suburbs and the saloon bars would not be quite itself without him. The second pursues a more rapt, scholarly course through catalogues of warehouses and neglected white papers. Mr. Campbell is, of the three, by far the most active, violent, and down-to-earth, being also, presumably, the youngest. He hammers turkeys into the oven at Christmas; he gardens and digs up last year's goose; he swims rivers and crawls naked over lawns in pursuit of hens; he goes off on treasure hunts, battles with shop-assistants, commutes daily in the company of monsters chuckling over the *Financial Times*, takes up plumbing, beagling, television and Latin-American dancing (seated). His energy is appalling, but after a time, seeing that he will attack and survive anything, one's terror gives way to nervous exhilaration. What *daren't* he do, this most invulnerable of Quixotes? And if social mishaps tear him down from the ladders he's always climbing, he gets his own back in an armchair on the frightfulness of the times we live in. His onslaught on television is not only one of the funniest pieces in the book, it hammers home inescapable truth; and deeply grateful we must be that Mr. Campbell's sufferings haven't blunted the edge of intellectual appetite. The first part of *Life in Thin Slices* gives a painful insight into the commuter's life; the second imparts the still persisting relishes of solitude. Its humour drills away unflaggingly in the present tense: he is the woodpecker, we his tree. Drawings by Ronald Searle excruciatingly assist.

Women's Life and Labour. By F. ZWEIG. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

In this instalment of his painstaking serial study of British behaviour in and towards work, Dr. Zweig started with two preconceptions. One, to which he confesses, was that women on the whole dislike "gainful employment," particularly in factories, and enter it only under the whip of want. Of this idea he was fully disabused in the course of his observations: women, he found, take an industrial employment partly because the household budget would otherwise be pinched, partly because they want to earn independently their own "extras," such as cigarettes, but in many cases because they find in the conversational comradeship of the workroom a real relief from the endless tedium of housework.

The author's other preconception was that women generally suffer from a sense of inferiority, and that this makes them both more willing than men to accept dull, routine jobs in industry, and also to carry out orders unquestionably. Now it is quite true, as Dr. Zweig observes, that relatively few women are impatient to learn high industrial skill. Either because they regard their employment as a stop-gap pending marriage, or because (as this study suggests) they like "easy" work in which the mind is not too engrossed to wander agreeably to other preoccupations, they are on the whole content to accept comparatively low-paid repetition work from which a man will often walk out in boredom. Greater individualists than most men, and therefore less interested in trade unionism, the industrial, as opposed to the professional, woman is probably a less insistent advocate of "equal pay" than many reformers imagine. But this does not mean that women, broadly speaking, are, or think they are, "inferior," or that they

are easier to manage than men. If they are responsive less to overtime incentives and more to personal appeal by a male foreman, the reason lies almost certainly in the polarity of sex.

The English Renaissance : Fact or Fiction ?
By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Hogarth Press.* 6s.

The cellar of Dr. Tillyard's learning is vast. From his title it might appear that here was an invitation to drink deep. In fact, this short book contains little more than a few glasses from previously opened bottles. What he offers is not a comprehensive attempt to answer the very complex and very live question, what really happened to the English mind in the sixteenth-century, but a series of correctives (given originally as lectures last year at the John Hopkins University, Baltimore) to the now fashionable view that the medieval mentality persisted into the so-called Renaissance.

In a sense, it did. There was undoubtedly a continuity. Sir Philip Sidney was, in some ways, medieval. There was also a most profound change of heart. Sidney was, in other ways, the archetype of the new man. Each of Dr. Tillyard's lectures—one on the conception of the Renaissance itself, the others on the lyric, the epic and literary criticism—conclude with a consideration of Sidney. The most many-sided of English geniuses, he does, it is true, come crucially into each picture; but somehow this fact does not give an intellectual unity to the book. Sidney is too important, too neglected and too richly contradictory for such treatment. His work desperately requires a full-scale revaluation if the significance of this fertile, transitional period is to be made plain.

A History of Golf in Britain. *Cassell.* 42s.

Golf can trace its ancestry back "to an activity established as a national pastime north of the Tweed at least a century before the Battle of Flodden"; its rules were codified in 1774. That was in the era of the "feathery," a ball made of leather, feathers and twine. This was succeeded by the gutta percha, first made out of a protective packing that came back from India round a marble statue. Gutta percha ruled from the middle of the last century until the invention of the rubber-cored ball at the century's turn. But it was not this invention, as some have supposed, that produced the boom—according, at least, to Mr. Bernard Darwin, one of the eight contributors to this large and stately volume. The boom had already begun by the Eighties, and Mr. Balfour's fondness for the game he suggests to have been a contributing factor.

The course is a long one from then to now, from the red velvet coats of earlier players through knickerbockers and plus-fours to our windcheaters and slacks, from their few narrow-headed woodens carried under the arm to our vast collection of ironmongery wheeled round on a trolley. The long early story is lovingly told by Sir Guy Campbell and Mr. Bernard Darwin who linger as fondly over the old lore and the old bearded heroes as any modern player over his own round in the club room. The later story is agreeably continued by Leonard Crawley, Henry Cotton and Enid Wilson and the book is interestingly illustrated with a great many photographs and four colour-plates.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,161

Set by Richard Lister

Prizes are offered for a congratulatory epigram, on his eightieth birthday, addressed either to "Max" or to Bertrand Russell. Not more than six lines. Entries by June 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,158

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Older readers of *The Times* have been trying to decide when and where turned-up trousers were first introduced. In the Nineties at Monte ? Eton in the Eighties ? Or Ascot, 1910 ? The usual prizes are offered for the prestige anecdote (not more than 150 words) that would authoritatively settle this controversy.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

As one entrant pointed out, a letter from the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* to *The Times* settled this controversy two days after the competition was set. Nevertheless, a bumper and varied crop, of more than usually high standard, resulted. Most competitors realised the kind of thing I was after—a specimen of Raconteurmanship so compelling as to clinch the argument—and only a few relapsed into the maunderings of the Club Bore. Sartorial ingenuity ran gloriously amok. Every age, place, name and explanation were canvassed—the Anglo-Saxons (an entry that included the Pun to End Punning), Sir Isaac Newton, "W.G." at Lords, midshipmen at Trafalgar, the Pantisocrats, the Russians ("Pioneers in this matter as in so many others, e.g., cinematography, radar, nuclear fission, etc."). C. B. J. Feltham plumped for the inimitable Zuleika. At the last meeting of the Junta, he wrote, "Those present, who were able, turned up the ends of their trousers; symbolic of the primary wetting of the feet that would come as they plunged from the Judas raft in sacrificial gesture." Beginnings were especially felicitous. I liked "It was in 1878 that Queen Victoria sat on a wasp's nest during a picnic at Balmoral . . . "; also "Many old gentlemens are writing beastlinesses around the bottoms of their trousers. Permit me to tell the true history. . . . My grand aunt, Georges Sand, was absolutely the first man (also woman). . . . "

Prize money divided among the following.

No, darling, it was before that.

You knew of the cellar under the Café Royal? Well did you know there was a cellar under that?

Oh God, it was fabulous. The crowd we had then: positively a Churchillian Cabinet—a sort of Yellow Book without talent. Heavens, the fun one can have without any brains!

One week it was champagne week and another whisky week and so on. It was port week and that night the stuff was ankle deep. Eddie said to me, "Me trousers are taking it up like lamp-wicks." So in a flash I said, "Turn up the ends."

And that was that. Ninety-Five it was and I invented them! ANDREW CROWCROFT

The Story of the origin of the turn-up on trousers is one of my family's most treasured anecdotes. My great-grandfather, a celebrated dandy (Beau Peepe, they called him) had an implacable enemy in the slovenly Lord Crumple. As eccentric as he was malevolent. Lord Crumple invited my ancestor to Crumple Grange and set fire to the West Wing, in which my great-grandfather was sleeping, with the express intention of destroying his wardrobe. He then placed at the disposal of his shivering victim a suit of clothes of inexpressible dowdiness. The worst garment was a pair of trousers maliciously over-long in the leg. Surely no leader of fashion has been put to a severer test! My ancestor, with great coolness, simply turned up the bottoms of the trousers: and Lord Crumple had the mortification of seeing a member of the Royal Family, who was one of the party, instantly copy what became an enduring fashion.
EDWARD BLISHEN

Although it was the waggish use of turn-ups by a member of the Royal Family at Ascot in 1910 which lead to their popular use, they had been seen on race courses since the 1870's. Turn-ups were used by bookmakers as a distinguishing mark so that their patrons of shorter stature could pick out their rostrum, from those of the tipsters, when they were in a large crowd. The turn-up often had the bookmaker's name inscribed on it and go ahead bookmakers inserted cardboard strips carrying the current odds. The phrase "a turn up for the book" derives from this practice. Since the phrase "a plus four for the book" has not become current and the use of turn-ups for advertising has died out, it would seem that racegoers are not as short as they used to be.
C. J. PANDHURST

In 1875 my cousin, Sir Hutton Hutton (the 2nd Baronet), was in the House but had been absent during the early part of the session on a visit to St. Kitts-Nevis. (Is his monumental work on sewage disposal in the Lesser Antilles still read, I wonder? Miss Nightingale thought it the leading work in its field.) On his return to Westminster, he was amazed to see Mr. Gladstone (with whom I often

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Company Meetings

DAILY NEWS LTD.

The annual general meeting of The Daily News Ltd. (proprietors of the *News Chronicle* and *The Star*) was held on May 21 in London.

Mr. L. J. Cadbury, the chairman, said: As was to be expected the increase in price of the national penny Press to a penny halfpenny was followed by a falling off in sales. The *News Chronicle* average sale for 1951 was 1,470,000 copies, which showed a loss of 5 per cent. *The Star* average sales for 1951 at 1,193,000 were down only 3.5 per cent.

The increase to a penny halfpenny was forced on us by the continuous rise in our costs, and the higher price of newsprint alone absorbed the greater part of the total additional revenue from sales at 1½d. Indications are that newsprint will be more plentiful, but unless the price is substantially reduced it may not be possible to take up the additional supplies. It is ironical that at the very moment when there is a prospect of more newsprint its excessively high price should hamper us in increasing the size of our papers.

During the past year the *News Chronicle*'s reputation for fairness and objectivity in its political reporting has been maintained and widely recognised. You may have seen advertisements of the paper which carry the message, "You get things *Straight* in the *News Chronicle*." That is something more than a slogan. It is an ideal which is the aim of every member of the paper's editorial staff.

Of the London evening newspapers the enterprise of *The Star* has been outstanding, and this is no doubt the reason for its remarkable buoyancy of circulation in spite of the rise in price to 1½d.

The Gallup Poll remains one of the features of the *News Chronicle* most eagerly looked for. It earned enhanced prestige in the General Election of October last year, when it forecast the outcome of a closely contested race within a fraction of the percentage of votes actually cast.

The report was adopted.

UNITED MOLASSES

INCREASED PROFITS

The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of The United Molasses Company, Limited, will be held on June 10 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the chairman, Sir F. Michael K. Kielberg, K.B.E.:—

The Combined Gross Profits of the company and its proportion of Subsidiaries' profits amounted to £8,007,055 against £3,583,673 for the previous year. After charging £1,544,346 for Depreciation and after making provisions amounting to £4,010,059 to cover United Kingdom and Foreign taxation on profits earned up to December 31, 1951, there remains a net profit of £2,452,650 compared with £1,173,052 for the year ended December 31, 1950.

The great increase in profits for the year is mainly accounted for by the high freights which prevailed throughout the year under review, and by increased profits on trading in Molasses which were favourably affected by the strong demand at high prices which continued right up to the last quarter of the year. Since then there has, however, been a steep decline in the use of Molasses for distilling purposes. This disappointing falling off in demand, which started to make itself felt towards the end of last year, was undoubtedly largely caused by the abnormally high prices which have ruled since the Autumn of 1950.

Although profits from Molasses in recent months show a sharp decline because of the serious fall in turnover the Consolidated Profits of the Group for the first three months of the current year comfortably exceed profits earned during the same period last year.

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used to travel up to town in the early Nineties, once even in the same carriage) enter the Chamber with his trouser-ends turned up. Turning to inquire the meaning of this fashion of his neighbour, he overheard "Dizzy" (who once dined at my uncle's house in Portman Square, less than a year after my uncle had sold the property) remark to Gathorne-Hardy, "The old man's no longer content to have all the aces up his sleeve: he must keep a few in his trouser-ends too!"

I never knew Gathorne-Hardy.

HENRY PARRIS

It was at Henley in 1919. I remember Violet Hunt being most amusing about it the next day at one of Ford Madox Hueffer's luncheon parties. She recalled that Brevington's great-uncle had won a 1,000-guinea wager by dining in a coat made of wool shorn from one of his own sheep the same morning; and affected to believe that Brevington was emulating this exploit and had allowed his tailor no time to take accurate leg-measurements. Hueffer laughingly asked his neighbour (a scowling Northerner, concentrating on his cutlery) whether he would wear such garments for a paltry £1,000, but the poor young fellow—D. H. Lawrence, I discovered later—was seized with a fit of coughing and turned very red. It was to cover his embarrassment that Ezra Pound contributed the *mot*, "Of course not. Brevington will find it takes more than one sheep to set a fashion."

ELAINE MORGAN

I believe it was in the House of Commons after the Boer War that turn-ups first appeared. The Queen, an indefatigable knitter, had graciously intended to honour General Dyer with the award of a pair of socks of her own making. (I had it from a friend in the Household that she meant to found a new order, the "Queen's Sock.") Through some error the royal gift was sent to Mr. Churchill, then a young war correspondent. Taking the card "from your grateful Sovereign, Victoria R." to be addressed to himself, the young man was naturally proud of the gift. At his first appearance in the Commons, he turned up his trouser-ends to confound those on the other side of the House with a sight of the socks. I well remember Tim Healey muttering "Now he turns the trousers. Faith, 'twill be the coat next!"

KILDARE R. E. DOBBS

CHESS: Put in the Pin

No. 138

According to the Oxford Dictionary my headline means "to call a halt" and more especially "to give up drinking." It may seem fortunate for some of us that the more especial meaning does not apply to Chess. Indeed, a chess player "put in the pin" might, more likely, be driven to drink, and had the loser of the following little game sought alcoholic solace I could hardly blame him. The game was played at Oslo a few months ago, and the winner is R. Anderson.

(1) P-K4	P-QB3	(7) Q x KP	Kt-B4
(2) P-QB4	P-Q4	(8) Q-QB4	Kt-Q6 ch
(3) BP x P	P x P	(9) K-K2	R-B1!
(4) B-Kt5 ch	B-Q2	(10) Q x Kt	Q x Q ch
(5) Q-R4?	P x P	(11) K x Q	R x B
(6) B x B ch	Kt x B	(12) K-K2	P-KKt3!

White very properly resigned here, considering that this was very clearly a case of "calling a halt" (and thereby justifying the Oxford Dictionary even for chess players). Here is a case of one who thought to be putting the other fellow in the pin, but found himself the pinnee rather than the pinner. The position—Rasmusson-Niemi, Helsinki 1938—is reported in K. Richter's *Kurzgeschichten um Schachfiguren*. What happened was (1) P x P, Kt x P (2) B x P ch, K x B (3) Q-B2 ch, Kt-Q6 (4) R-Q1, B-R3 (5) Kt-K1. Here, alas, the triumphant pinner found the tables turned on him. Black played (5) . . . Q-B1! and White soon saw that he could not swop Queens and then play Kt x Kt because he would have been "put in the pin" by KR-Q1. So he tried (6) Q-Kt1, R-Q1! (7) Kt x Kt, K-Kt1! Black has put himself out of the pin, and White is quite helpless. He tried P-KR3 and soon resigned after Black's Q-Q2. Had he played P-KB3 he would have been smothered by (8) . . . Q-Q2 (9) Kt-B2, Q x R ch (10) Kt x Q, R x Kt ch (11) K-B2, B-Q6.

This week's competition should be much facilitated by the fact that the same melodramatic *leitmotiv* appears in every one of the three pieces, (a century apart from one another). Even without this helpful hint **A** may be rather overrated and **B** certainly not underrated with 5 ladder-points. They are both classics and both 4-movers, which, I hope, will please our much neglected problem-addicts. As for **C**—White to draw—this study, though not nearly as difficult as some other 7-pointers we have had, may not be unworthy of such generous rating, provided I give no further hint.

A: Stamma 1750

B: Kling 1850

C: F. Lazard 1950

Usual prizes. Entries by June 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 3

A: (1) P x Kt, B-B4. (2) P x P ch, K-B1. (3) P x P ch etc.
B: (1) R-R7, R-K1. (2) P-Q7, R-K2. (3) P-Q6, R x P. (4) R-R8 mate.
If (1) . . . R-R2. (2) P x P etc.
C: (1) Kt-Q3, Q-K6. (2) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt4. (3) Q-B6 ch, K-R4. (4) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt3. (5) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R2. (6) K-B7, Q-Kt6 ch. (7) Kt-B4 etc.
If (1) . . . Q-K1. (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt3. (3) Kt-Q7 ch etc.
If (1) . . . Q-B6. (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-R4. (3) Q-R2 ch etc.
If (1) . . . Q-Q8. (2) Q-B6 ch, K-R4. (3) Q-B5 ch, K-R3. (4) K-B7, Q-Kt6. (5) Kt-Kt4 ch.

These are by no means all variations of this uncommonly complex and ingenious study. Even so, a surprising number of competitors got near enough to drop merely a point or two. Prizes shared by E. Allan, F. A. Rhoden, A. J. Roycroft. Equally flawless solutions from C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, Leslie Hale, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider, W. Stead.

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GERMAN student (17) wishes to spend August England each. English student some age Aug. Germany. Write Dr. Hartl, Hagen in Westfalen, Gruenstrasse 18, Germany.

YOUNG woman musician seeks holiday post during August in France or elsewhere on Continent. Adaptable, sociable, keen horsewoman, good driver, some experience Continental roads. Anything considered. Miss D. Clifford, Washbrook Grange, Nr. Ipswich.

BABY-minding offd. family taking continental vac. Aug.-Sept. by N.Z. grad., 2-yr. old son. Expenses in return. Box 1017.

REASONABLY-priced building site required for private house with garden. St. John's Wood/Hampstead area. Box 1014.

FRENCH Stud. shs. job summer vac. teaching/otherwise. Fluent Eng. Box 992.

YOUNG Cambridge Graduate, driver, seeks temp. post London area. Box 1169.

DOMESTIC Science teacher & prof. housband will undertake some domestic services in return for S./C. flat London. Box 1201.

SEAT vacant in car going South France middle August returning, perhaps via Spain, approx. middle September, for man willing share driving and one-third expenses. Bank and social references. Preliminary meeting London. Write Box 973.

GIRL (21, Secretary) shs. friendly family Chelsea/Ken.—paying guest. KEN. 4791.

ARCHITECT travelling London to French Riviera June 14, back July 7 or 8, seeks 2 people to share his car and exps. Box 1259.

SWEDISH worker, interested philosophy, admirer Bertrand Russell, wishes accommodation with family, any part of country, in order to study English. Box 1189.

WHIT-Week Cornwall by the sea; 7gns., including board/return road travel London. S.A.E. Box 1272.

MME Delmar wintering fog-free Manoca has vacancy opera-trainee. FLA. 8667.

YNG. manservant desires post. London/Country: flat, cottage. Refs. Box 1211.

PLAYWRIGHTS are invited to submit full-length Scripts for season of Thrillers, opening Autumn, at Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. (Whi. 3678). Submission fee 10s. 6d.

CAR tour to Jugoslavia. Aug. 22-Sept. 14. Couple wanted share trip. Box 1049.

GYPSY Caravan. Sea N. Frst. Secluded. Rms. May-Sept. Mt. sell. Box 1062.

YOUNG writer wants job where in ability and integrity no handicap. Could assist M.P. or established author. Box 1111.

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GIRLS, British & French, Rendezvous on Hampshire coast for Holidays & practice in conversation. July 26-Sept. 6. Excursions, Sport. Principal: 9 Beauchamp Pl., S.W.3.

FREE use of hse. caravan for 2 wks. in S. of France offd. driver of suitable car in each for transporting it there from Eng. on July 6. Paul, Swiss Farm, Henley-on-Thames.

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ENGLISH-speaking family coming to London from Israel for 3 months beginning July, wants University Student or Graduate to give English lessons to 2 young boys, take them sight-seeing, etc. Pref. live "en famille"; write full partics. Box 864.

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PERSONAL—continued

FLOWER Fast in aid of London and National Society for Women's Service, Tuesday, May 27, 11.30 a.m. to 7 p.m., 29 Marsham Street (Great Smith Street), S.W.1. Opener: Mayor of Westminster.

NOISE. Will those who agree that the increasing noisiness of our so-called civilisation is the cause of many human ills, please write Box 1,007.

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FRENCH boy (15), girl (17) of good families, desire stay as paying guests in prof. family or summer school. Company of English children essential. July-Sept. Please write fully: Box 1323.

ENGLISH Language teacher with Univ. Degree regd. to give private lessons to gentleman in Edgware dist. Tel. Edg. 8502.

YNG. French student, 19, wishes work in exch. board, perhaps pocket money, among English people. Aug.-Sept. Box 1198.

BY the time this appears, I shall be on my honeymoon, photographing perhaps in France & Spain, letters will await me at 5 Paddington St., W.1. Anthony Panting.

MIXED yng. party has opening for 1 or 2 young persons travelling private cars Italian Lakes. June 26-July 13. Box 1182.

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IRISH Linen Tea Towels, each 20in. x 30in., 6 for 17s. 6d.; New White Cotton Lengths (a) Heavy quality 34in. each, 19s. 6d. per Yard, 9yds. x 35in., each 20/-; carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 95), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Fatwek (N), 29 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 9901.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 1889, 6046.

A special offer of real silk materials below cost of production. Chinese spun silk, cream, wider only, 29in., 11s. 11d. per yard. Spun Crepe-de-Chine, 36in., 8 shades, slightly sub-standard, 11s. 11d. Both qualities are washable and carry our guarantee. Excellent for frocks, blouses, shirts, pyjamas, etc. Stamped addressed envelope for patterns. Allans of Duke St., Ltd., 56 Duke Street, W.1.

PARIS Knitting Patterns with full instructions in English: "Tricots." 1s. 6d. monthly from your usual newsagent. Price list: A.F.P. (Dept. 95), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

22/6 9/6 will buy a beautiful skirt, immaculately tailored to your own measurements, and made in 7 days from our wide range of styles and materials. Let our cutter measure you or use our self-measurement form. For free samples of materials and brochure, call, write or phone mentioning this advertisement to S. & L. Gilmore, 17 Tottenham Court Road, W.1. MUS. 6415.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also avoid furs got by torture, particularly ermine. Write for Five Coupon leaflets from Major C. Van der Bol, 49 Leicester Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds needed.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

3 S/C FLATS, Highgate West Hill, N.6, for sale with vacant possession of lower flat. Freehold. Well-built, pleasant situation. Nr. Swain's Lane Trolley Bus Terminus. Taylor, 46 Glenhurst Ave., Highgate Rd., N.W.5.

24 YRS. lease newly converted house opp. pond, St. Paul's School. Vac. poss. unfurn. 5 rooms, b.&., 2 W.C.'s. Fully equipped for owner occupier. Small gdn. Recommended for £2,000 p.a. £5,000 or very near offer. Box 1178.

TINY freehold, well-built, S/D house, £2,600. Highgate Village. 5 small rooms, bath., W.C. Small garden front & back. No garage. Appetite, 7 New Sq., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

WAR Office and Air Ministry: Lands Officers (No. S4119/52). The Civil Service Commissioners announce that the vacancies have now been filled and no further application will be considered.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Commercial Law. Salary £A2,036 per annum (including £A186 cost of living allowance). Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. and policies under F.S.S.U. may be transferred. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for applications is June 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Mathematics. Salary range £800-£956 p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1952.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Research Worker in the Department of Social Science at a salary scale of £300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to £425 per annum. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than June 7, 1952, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

WOMEN graduates are invited to apply for appointment as Lecturer in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Lectures are given on every aspect of wool in schools and colleges and to adult education organisations of all kinds. Previous lecturing or teaching experience is desirable. Some knowledge of wool would be an advantage, but training will be given after appointment. The work will entail considerable mid-week travel. Commencing salary £440, plus superannuation benefits. Subsistence allowance and first-class travelling expenses are paid. Applications should be marked "Confidential" and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within two weeks of this advert.

B.B.C. requires Studio Assistant in Wales. Candidates must have good education, thorough knowledge of Welsh, definite interest in music and drama, manual dexterity and ability to act quickly and accurately on instruction. Some experience of studio and microphone technique and ability to read music and follow a score would be advantages. Vacancy is in Swansea, but successful candidate would be expected to work in Cardiff for few months at first. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £575. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Wales, N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

IMPERIAL Chemical Industries, Dyestuffs Division, have additions to make to Managerial Staffs in their Canteens in Manchester, and applications are invited for appointments as Assistant Canteen Manageresses. Single women are required, aged between 25 and 33, with a Domestic Science qualification and practical, up-to-date experience of large-scale catering with control of staff. Candidates must have personality and ability to carry responsibility and exert influence from the start. These posts are progressive. Write giving full particulars to Staff Department, Hexagon House, Blackley, Manchester, 9.

REQUIRED in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The post is resident and the candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Special qualifications for the teaching of physical training and dancing an advantage. Apply together with copies of three testimonials to Miss Rendel, The Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

EXPERIENCED qualified Master and or Mistress, Sept. English subjects and Games. French asset. Co-ed. Recognised. Burnham Scale. St. Mary's Town & Country School, 38 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Pri. 4306.

STEPNEY Jewish Junior Mixed & Infant School, 71 Stepney Green, E.1. Vacancies for qualified Jewish infant mistresses. Apply on form T.S.40 to the Honorary Correspondent, Mr. T. J. Phillips, at the school.

JOHN Vickers, Photographer, has vacancy for pupil, preferably under 21, either sex. Must be willing to undertake thorough training on 2 to 4 year agreement. Telephone VIC. 4915 for appointment.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must, in addition, have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Clasves, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer Class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812-£1,022; (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£707; (women) £440-£576. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S. 53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/52 S. 128/52 for the other posts.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952 (under regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officers £628-£786 (men); £534-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £275-£586 (men); £275-£489 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £275; at 26, £498 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering has a vacancy for an Experimental Officer at the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering to work on grain conservation and handling. The post calls for general rather than specialised knowledge of mechanical engineering up to degree or H.N.C. standards. It should appeal to those desiring constructive work in rural surroundings. Hostel available for single men. Salary £307 to £754. Superannuation scheme. Applications forms obtainable from Secretary, National Institute of Agricultural Engineering, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds., on receipt of stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope. Completed forms to be submitted within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (Regional Mental Hospital—3,000 beds). Supervising Psychiatric Social Worker (Female) required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at psychiatric out-patient clinics staffed from the hospital. Applicants must be fully qualified and have had wide experience of the work. Salary, etc. (J.N.C. Whitley) £495 × £20—£655 p.a. Residential accommodation available. Hours, 39 per week, with 4 weeks annual leave and statutory and national holidays. Post subject to N.H.S. (Superannuation) Regulations 1950, and the passing of a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

TRANSLATOR-Typists wanted for Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, German. Box 1205

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers. Qualified men and women Teachers are required as below to teach in Army Children's Schools Overseas on a three-year tour of duty. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive salary in accordance with the current Burnham Scale plus London Allowance, Outfit Allowance and Free Passages. Families of male teachers will not accompany but at some stations they may later join their husbands at public expense. The normal age limits for Assistant Teachers are 23-45. All Overseas Commands: A small number of vacancies mainly for teachers of general form subjects to children of all ages. Far East Land Forces Command—Singapore: One Maths./Science and one Latin French graduate for a grammar school. One Maths./Science specialist for a Secondary Modern School. Middle East Land Forces Command: Headmaster Tripoli Secondary Modern School (roll approx. 80). Headmaster Moascar Secondary Modern School (roll about 100). Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under-Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

CITY of Leicester Children's Department (Second Advertisement). A qualified Child Care Officer (female) is required for the staff of the Children's Officer. Duties will comprise a complete cross-section of the work of the Children's Department, including Juvenile Court work, Adoption and Boarding-out of children in the City of Leicester and neighbouring County. Child Care Officers maintain close contact with the Cottage and Scattered Homes and the Committee's Residential Nurseries. Candidates should possess a Certificate or Diploma in Social Science or some equivalent qualification or should have attended a Course in Boarding-out duties approved by the Home Office. Salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Division Grade III (£500 × £15—£545 per annum) of the National Scale. The appointment will be subject to a medical examination and to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom all completed applications should be returned by June 7, 1952. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Deputy Superintendent required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester. Experience with adolescent delinquent girls essential. Salary: £270 × £12 £420 p.a. according to qualifications and experience, with £40 p.a. special responsibility allowance and £52 p.a. for extraneous duties. £78 p.a. is deducted from salary for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer.

ALFORD House Club, London.—Experienced full-time Leader reqd. for girls' section. Forward full particulars, three recent testimonials and names of three referees to The Warden, Alford House, Aveline Street, S.E.11, by Wednesday, June 4.

FULL-Time Warden required (man or woman) in July for large club for children of school age in North London. This is an initial appointment and the club will be of an experimental nature. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and age, to Mr. D. Sutherland, Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

LONDONDERRY High School. Required for school year 1952-53 a temporary Art Mistress. Art Teacher's Certificate essential. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

SPECIAL School has vacancy for an Assistant Teacher. Small group. Principal, Ebworth Park, Near Stroud, Glos.

ORGANISER for Play Centre & Junior Clubs required for an East London Settlement. The work would also involve home visits and clerical duties. Resident or non-resident. Box 1221

THE National Union of Students requires (1) Fully experienced cashier for busy shop. (2) Junior shorthand typist. (3) Part-time typist. Apply in writing to General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARY required for Screen Advertising Executive, must be well educated, with good appearance, able to handle interviews and correspondence on her own. Fluent French essential. Other languages an advantage. Write Box NS 628, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY. Administrative lady secretary required for factory, London, E.3. Knowledge of shorthand typing and general office management essential. Shipping experience an advantage. Good salary and prospects for person of ability and initiative. Write, giving full details of previous employment, age and salary required, to Box 1192.

EXPERIENCED qualified junior teacher. Froebel or Degree. Ages 6 or 8. Sept. Co-ed. day school. N. London. Burnham scale basis. Recognised Min. of Ed. Box 1216.

MOTHER'S Help reqd. London family of 4. Gd. home for right person. Box 1234.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Birmingham Settlement requires in September: (a) At Summer Lane. A resident Girls' Club Leader for under 14's and Youth Club with mixed activities. Apply: The Warden, 318 Summer Lane, B'ham. 19. (b) At Kingstanding. A resident Woman Club Leader of mixed club with schoolgirls groups. Apply: The Warden, 610 Kingstanding Rd., Birmingham, 22c. Good clubs and premises at both Centres. Salary according to experience, etc. Applications should be accompanied by two testimonials and particulars of two referees.

CASE Worker required by York Family Service Unit to work principally amongst problem families. Possession of a Diploma in Social Science an advantage. Salary £375 p.a. Applications with names of two referees to Hon. Secretary, 64 Walmgate, York.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for pioneer work with problem families. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

LONDON solicitor reqs. litigation clerk for handling claims on behalf of injured workmen. Good opportunity for ynq. socialist with intelligence & initiative. Box 913.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane Street, requires assistant for selling & display. Knowledge of furnishing, fabrics, glass, pottery, necessary. Appointment only. SLO. 5779.

YOUNG lady, about 30, with acting ability, versatile voice, required co-operate with young man to run established touring marionette theatre of high artistic standards. Caravan accommodation. Rationalist, libertarian, pacifist outlook desirable. Intellectual interests, e.g., anthropology, a recommendation. Write Box 1036.

YOUNG woman with flair for good food wanted to cook and take charge catering at attractive country hotel in Kent. Accommodation available. Box 1158.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AN energetic, personable young man, 25, Midlander, who likes work, University education, business trained, indst. exp., mobile; seeks post as Personal Assistant to Managing Director. Please write Box 1112.

INTELLIGENT, civilised man of parts, yng. over-forty, single, wants paid work in humane cause otherwise. Urgent. Box 1242.

YOUNG woman (28), B.A. English, exper. teaching, film journalism, research, shs, interesting post, literary, editorial. Box 1079.

CERTIFICATED woman-teacher, 27 yrs., desires change of job Sept. Willing to work hard, take responsibility. Office exper., can type; book-keeping examinations passed. Lady interested in work with publishing firm, bookseller. Social or International organisation or as receptionist; London area. Box 1076.

ART Student (25) seeks work mid-June/mid-August. Drive, go anywhere, do anything, to pay for vacation. Box 1021.

SOCIETIES requiring secretarial assistance: Organising Secretary with Committee exp. will undertake secretarial work, book-keeping, etc., for bodies not reqg. full-time worker. Occasional assignments, circularising and the organisation of special events also undertaken. Terms moderate. Box 1172.

SEC./S.T. shs. work evenings from 5.30 in W.1/W.C.1 area. Box 1263.

YNG. woman, capable secretary, wants work W.1 area, 9 a.m. — 3 p.m. Box 1015.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST-class Duplicating, Typing, etc. Mabel Fyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. & MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim repeating. An efficient and express service, Bayswater 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 8772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc. copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 9809.

STUDENTSHIP

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Delegacy for Social Training. Research Studentship. The Delegacy for Social Training invites applications for a Research Studentship of £300 from graduates who wish to undertake research in the field of social work. Applications should be made by June 14 to The Secretary, The Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont Street. Candidates should give particulars of their academic qualifications and experience and proposed subject of study, and the names of two persons familiar with their previous work to whom reference may be made. The Studentship will be tenable for one year in the first instance. The holder will also be given the opportunity to undertake some paid tutorial work.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

FURN. rooms available in quiet comf. house. H. & C., gas ring, daily room service, bedmaking, shopping, etc., from 30s. wkly. p. person. Mrs. F. Beer, 43 The Grove, London, N.3 (2 min U'Grnd). Fin. 5662.

TO Let, furnished bed-sitting room, central heating, telephone, bath, breakfast. 3gns. p.w. Tel. BAYswater 0909.

LONDON, superior Guest House. Room & bkfst. from 15s; 1 min. Tube. 77 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Ct., S.W.5. FRO. 7579.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 62-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

LARGE furn. room, University area flat, 3 gns. inc. breakfast, use bathroom, kit., gas fire, tel. Ring WEL. 4754 day time.

NICELY furn. bed-sitt.-rm. (1/2 people), kit., own phone ext. in priv. house nr. Crystal Palace. LIV. 1631 after 6.30 p.m.

RESIDENTIAL Club opening in Belsize Square, from 50s. including board. Application form from: Belsize House Hotel, 13-17 Belsize Avenue, London, N.W.3.

COUPLE moving country wish let most of Chelsea flat. £3 15s. p.w. Box 1153.

BED-Sitting-room to let. All cons. No. 1 & 3 Bus route. Willesden 3147.

TO Let. Palmers Green, N.13. 2 Comf. furn. rms. Part use bath, kit., etc. Separate meters. No children. £3 wkly. Box 1215.

BACHELOR offers accommodation in s.c. flat. Italian, French person preferred. South London, Tube. Box 746.

FRIENDLY b/sit.-rm. close Regents Pk. to let. Also possibility of studio use. Use kit., light/heng. £2 10s. p.w. Box 1114.

FURNISHED service rooms & suites. No food, but cooking facilities avail. C.H. & C.H.W. 121 Sloane St., S.W.1. Sloane 6009.

ACCOM. central, partial board, from 3½gns., 6gns. dble. Tel. MAI. 1787.

2 rms. Notting Hill s.c. furn. flat to let 3 mths. June. Bed-sit. (2 beds) kit., din.-rm. Bath & liv. 4½gns. wkly. Box 1005.

TWO first-floor furn. rooms with kit. & bath. Suit 1-2 ladies or middle-aged couple. 3gns. MOU. 9076.

CLOSE to West Kensington Station: 2 furn. flats to let. Self-contained. 3 & 4 rooms; 4 & 5gns. per week. Apply Box 1127.

N.6. Large furnished bed-sit. room. Open view. 35s. p.w. MOU. 5605.

VACANCY occurring shortly to join 1 other prof. workers in roomy maisonette with garden, S. John's Wood dist. Independent catering. Kit. Large rm. & share overheads incl. dom. service, about £2 10s. Box 1143.

SELF-Contained furn. flat, 5 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, in Tudor house, St. Albans, to let 1 yr. or longer: 5gns. Box 1118.

FLATS vacant Haslemere, Surrey. 4 rooms, k. & b., c.h.w., cent. htg. Porter. Tennis. Rents approx. £218 & rates. Near stat./shops. No premium. Box 1170.

SUSSEX. To let during June and July. Old cottage, self-contained, part of larger house—four rooms, bathroom. Use of kitchen and garage. Beautiful garden and surroundings. Rent 4gns. Box 1273.

CLACTON, Essex: furn. bungalow to let on front; 6 rms. Lge. garden. Ideal children. 4gns. p.w. Long tenancy. Box 1274.

VICARAGE in tiny unspoilt village on Dorset coast would be let furn. July 15-Sept. 15 to considerate tenants. Box 1117.

SOUTH Essex on estuary, to let furnished, small four-room cottage, elec., water. Box 1159.

C'WALL: gd. sized hse., 15 min. sea; mod. convens., to let July 1-26. Box 1135.

EXCHANGE. Couple, baby, want accom. 2 wks. June-Sept. S. Coast or country near, for 3-rm. lux. flat Cent. Lond. Box 1120.

YOUNG woman, capable, co-operative, responsible, seeks unfurn. accom. in exch. baby-sitting, some home help. Box 1016.

3 hardworking girls (ousted by friend's husband) seek separate or combined acc., unfurn. pref.: SLOane 7759 after 6.30.

YNG. Ceylonese research chemist & wife urg. req. furn. S.C. flat London. Wiseratne, 10 Beaufort Gdns., S.W.3. KEN. 7579.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

MEMBER of Staff requires unfurnished flat or house to rent. Reasonable. S.W. London area. Box 1119.

WORKSHOP shed or garage wanted, London or environs, with 1 or 2 rooms accommodation adjacent. Box 1328.

ARTIST (painter-designer), wife, child, desperately need unfurn. accom. Studio, flat, house, or anything where we could live and work. Willing adapt, repair, decorate, pay rent in advance, etc. Box 1203.

4 women grads. req. inexpens. furn. flat easy reach Kens. Sept. Box 1116.

TWO professional women req. s.-c. unfurn. flat maisonette. 5 rooms, K. & B. or 4 rooms, 2K., 1 B. Area Kens., Marylebone, Bloomsbury, Belgravia. No prem. Box 910.

MAN, 36, requires inexpensive bed-sit. room with part board. Box 1109.

YOUNG couple, marrying shortly, want small unfurn. flat, pref. Hampstead area. About £2 p.w. Can anyone help? Box 1113.

UNIVERSITY-educated couple with young child must find accom. reasonable distance North London by early July. Anyone able to help please write R. Boston, 64a Farm Road, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21.

YOUNG Schoolmaster requires flatlet. Quiet tenant. Pref. N.W. Box 1199.

FURN. hse., cottage req'd., g.n., 35 m. London, 3 mths. from July 1. Box 1327.

WANTED for August holiday, cottage Kent, Surrey or Sussex, mod. cons., 2 bedrooms, garden, garage. Box 994.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse; beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

EXETER for Shopping, Business and Pleasure. Ancient and modern side by side. The Centre for Touring Devon. Brochure from Information Bureau, Exeter. (Postage 2d.). Official Guide "E" with Street Plan and Index 1s. 3d. post free.

SMALL Farm Guest House has summer vacancies. Lovely views, mod. cons. Reductions May/June. Lawrie, Honsleigh Farm, Menadue, Polperro Rd., nr. Looe, C'wall.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

LONDON. Beautiful Thames Valley: Richmond. Charming house, nr. river; 20 mins. Strand. Km. bfst. 12s. 6d. T.V.H., 12 Alba Rd., St. Margarets, Middx. POP. 4790.

YOUR £25 will cover a fortnight Riviera holiday June/July with £8 pocket money. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Bruse, Var.

STRATFORD-on-Avon. Country house, lovely garden, situated one mile from the town. Hot & cold water in bedrooms. Farm produce. Bishopton Lodge Guest House, Stratford-on-Avon. Tel. 276411.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. A small hotel for people of discernment. Summer bookings from Thursdays. Vacancies except August.

PARIS: You are sure of every comfort at Imperial Hotel, 15 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. Trinite 10-47. Sgle room 700fr., double 900fr. Bkfast. 150fr., all rates incl. Quiet, Central. Write for brochure or booking.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View." Also furnished bungalow up to July 12, and after Aug. 30. Sleeps 10 people. Terms: May 12gns., June-July 15gns., Sept. 12gns.

SYGUN Farm, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Wenk.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. The Whore Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horebam Rd. 32.

PENSION Thelis. Pleasant Garden, near Pantheon. 29s. daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel. Porthleven. Lr. Cdr. H. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

WORTHING—Home of poet Hendley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Broch.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surroundgs. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 265.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. The house that is different. Every modern comfort in an old-world setting of great charm. Directly facing harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing. Good touring centre. Gstwse. Terms 6-7½gns. Brochure on request: Piggins (Phone 264).

PORTHLEVEN, S. C'wll. Tye Rock Hotel. Ideal for early summer holidays & Honeymoons. Directly facing sea in own grounds; abundant home-cooked fare. A.A. recomm.

S. DEVON. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming, there are still some vacancies in this old-world country house overlooking Start Bay. Beautiful surroundings, excellent table, every comfort. Phone Stoke Fleming 246.

W. COAST of Ireland. Spend your holidays in the midst of delightful scenery and stay at Avondale Hse., Mullranny, Co. Mayo.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere; log fires, home produce; write for booklet.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —55 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards. Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

FOR Peace and Quiet in lovely surroundings stay at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. 'Phone 412. Details: Manager.

N. CORNWALL: cottage guest hse. Sands, surfing, buses 5 min. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cott., Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

ILFRACOMBE. The Wessex Pte. Hotel. Ideally sit. 2 mins. sea. Mod. comforts. Car park. 5/7 gns. Write brochr. Tel. 1014.

OLD Plow Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BEXHILL: Country house near sea. Own produce/poultry. Whitsun Vacancies. Terms moderate. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill (Ninfield 212).

GLORIOUS Brittany. Hotel Royal-Bellevue (3-star), St. Cast, near Dinard, from 1200 francs daily, full board, plus one free day after each 6 days' stay, allowing a fortnight's seaside holiday on £25.

CORNWALL (South). Kennack Sands, nearby to Cadgwith. The Lizard, Mullion within easy motoring distance Falmouth, Penzance, St. Ives. Quiet, friendly Guest Hse., near safe, sandy beach. Mrs. Smout, Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Helston.

"BLUE Idol"! Not a gaudy night club, but a Quaker guest house at Coolham, Horsham, Sussex. William Penn associations, modern amenities. Apply: Wardens.

WRITER'S wife setting 2 rms., south coast Cornish village. From 5gns., May-Sept.; bed & breakfast. Write Box 522.

FARM cottage nr. Polperro. Accom. available, 10s. 6d. B. & B. Bath with cold water—hot a problem. W.C. Oil lamps. Maguire, Treweers Cottage, Lansallos, C'wall.

SWITZERLAND—for your £25 allowance a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world & £8 left. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. cons. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

COUNTRY Holidays! Good food, friendly hse. Restful. Simple, comf. accom. £5 wk. Saltire Hill House, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Gerswesse Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, propes. Tel.: Hartland 25.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country; home-grown produce; Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rutkburne Hotel. Send for Brochure.

W. Sussex. Lovely country, 1 hr. London. Ideal holidays weekends. Reas. Tunbridgombe Guest Hse., Fernhurst, Haslemere, Sy.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manse & Farm. Lovely now. Jersey herd. Golf St. Enodoc, Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excellent cuisine, all comforts greed. Port Isaac 214.

ITALY on £25. Every mod. comf. & good food. Full pension 22s. 6d. per day inc. all Taxes & Service. English spoken. Hotel Pensione Centrale, Faenza, Gardone Riviera.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton, (Licensed). First-rate food and cooking. Beautiful bedrooms and lounges overlooking spacious grounds. Vacancies Whitsun. A.A. approved. Whitstable 324411.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Lovely mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Inclusive prices from 17s. 6d. per day. Very easy journey London. U.K. representative: C. Ruckett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2512.

NORTH Wales, Vron House, Ynysmaylle, 5 miles Llangollen on A5. Small family Guest House. All modern comforts in old-world entry home. Really good ckg., ample food. Few vacs. Whitsun. Tel. Chirk 3252.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. A.A. appmd. Superb posn. Watchbell St. Ideal for holidays. New mgement & idees. Rye 2216.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Peramine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and mountain walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Comf., good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun. lounge, putting, badminton, tennis. 10 acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

BEACON Lodge . . a select hotel, easily accessible to the West End and City. Tennis Court, H. & C. in all rooms, Garages, excellent cuisine. From 6½gns. p.w. Bed & breakfast from 14s. 6d. Excel. facilities for Weddings/Receptions. 1 Crescent Rd., Crouch End, London, N.8. Tel.: MOU. 7145.

GROVE Ferry Hotel, near Canterbury, Kent. Clifford Selly is welcoming old & new friends. Delightful seclusion on River Stour. Ideal coast & country holiday. Every comfort, excellent food, own produce, fully licensed. Golf, fishing, boating. 8-9gns. wkly. Brochure; Phone Chislet 107.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere and glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

FARM Holidays: Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 5d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. NSN), 49 Broomfields, Paisley.

DEVON and Cornwall. Ideal for May and June Holidays. Low terms. Long sunny days. Good food. Happy companionship. Brochure 1S free from Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Account Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good academic results. Children parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 5 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (P. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcrose), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Mon. to Fri. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Machael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ltd. Run.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mn.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Vosvey Inheritance." Mems. 5s.

UNITY. Bus. 5391. Last 2 wks. The Wages of Eve. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evenings 10.30 (ex., Mons.); Sun., 9. "Swing Back the Gate," a nostalgic Revue. Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mons.), at 7.30. Sun., 6. Rabindranath Tagore's "Post Office" and "Sacrifice." Mems. 5s. yrly.

EMBASSY Theatre, Swiss Cottage. "Uranium 235." Please note tickets are now available to the public for special performance on Sunday, May 25 at 7.45 p.m. Prices 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Bookable at Theatre Box Office. Mouedet Zionist Society.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3341. May 25, 7.30 "Meurtres" (A) (French).

EVERYMAN. Hum. 1525. Until May 25: "Zero de Conduite" (A) London. "Song of Ceylon" (U). From May 26: Vigo's "L'Atalante" (A) with Michel Simon.

INDIAN Dancers, Shirin Vajifdar and Krishna Kutty at King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1, 8.30 p.m., Friday, May 30. First time in Europe with full company. Tickets 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. J. C. P. Shroff, 2 Leopold Ave., Wimbledon (WIM. 3402), or at door.

THE Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Italian Church Music of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries. Programmes to include Masses by Palestrina and Monteverdi, Motets by Marenzio and others, and organ solos. John Churchill (Organ) and the Combined Choir of Loughton High School for Girls and Bancroft's School. Friday, May 30, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Programme 2s. 6d.

TWENTIETH Century Music. The prospectus for the Autumn Season for Society for Twentieth Century Music will be issued shortly. It can be obtained from: Cyril Clarke, Hon. Sec., 6 Strathray Gdns., N.W.3.

THE Griller Quartet: Beethoven, Rubbra, Haydn. Westhower Barn, Jordans. Saturday, May 31 at 8 p.m. Tickets unreserved 6s. from J. Valentine, Nine Elms, Jordans, Bucks. Trains from Marylebone.

HAYDN Orchestra, conductor: Harry Newstone, with Denis Matthews. Wigmore Hall, Thursday next 7.30. Music by Haydn, Mozart, C. P. E. Bach. 9s., 6s., 5s., 3s., from Hall and Chappells.

SCHOENBERG & his Music. Chair: Sir Adrian Boult. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, Fri., May 23, 8 p.m.

WOZZECK. Recording made under dir. Dmitri Mitropoulos. Chairman: Karl Rankl. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., May 30, 8 p.m.

"OUR Heritage of Music": W.M.A. Concert at Soho Fraed. 16 St. Matthew St., W.1 (nr. Oxford Circ.). Esther Salaman, Leonard Cassini, Cragg Sinkinson, Philip Lotter. W.M.A. Singers: Sun., May 25, 7 p.m. Drs. 2s. W.M.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2, or at door.

SUMMER School of Music, Bryanston. August 2-23. Artists, Lecturers and Teachers include: Alan Rawsthorne, Lennox Berkeley, Roger Desormiere, Denis Matthews, Michael Tippett, Norman Del Mar, William Glock, Amadeus Quartet, Virgil Quartet, Boyd Neel Orchestra, Cecil Day Lewis, Stanley Spencer. Send 3d. stamp for Programmes and Illustrated Prospectus to Sec., 29a Holland Villas Rd., W.14.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturday days and Sundays, 8-11.30. 166a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

INTERNAT. Festival Dance, 8 p.m., Sat. May 24. W. African Students' Club, 13 Chelsea Embkmnt. Bar. All welc. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. 1st Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker. A Memorial Exhibition organised by the Arts Council at Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—New Acquisitions—Boudin, Braque, Fantin, Monet, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns., 10-5.

SAUL Steinberg, "The greatest comic draughtsman in the world to-day" (Spectator). 100 of his latest cartoons at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wk.-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d., Members free.

"1d. Plain, 2d. Coloured." Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Prints past and present. Demonstrations Sat. afternoons; lectures, Thurs. Sats., Suns. 3-9 p.m. until June 1.

RAVENNA Mosaics. Arts Council Exhibition of mosaic replicas. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till June 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8, Sun., 2-6. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GALERIE Apollinaire, 2 Litchfield St., W.C.1, opp. St. Martin's Theatre. Paintings by James Stroudley—Figures in Sunshine and Shadow. May 24-June 14. 11 till 7.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Prints by Leslie French & Richard McDonald. May 19-June 13. dly. 10-5. Not Sats.

20 BROOK Street Gallery. Perm. collection French 19th/20th Cent. Paintings. May 15-30. Exhib. of recent works by Jane Lane and Manitta. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent works by Victor Pasmore. Paintings by Hans Seiler; Collages and Ceramics by Contemporary English artists. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of English Churchyard Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until May 24. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

DUAL-Purpose-Rooms showing space-saving furniture designed and arranged for present-day needs. On view April 21-May 31 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Until June 14.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. First Exhibitions in London of the Italian painter Guido Panetta, and the sculptor, Emilio Greco. Closing May 30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Boudin to Braque: Spring Exhibn.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

THE Max Eyerbohm Exhib. Also paintings by Leonard Appelbee. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 28th.

ADRIAN Beach. Welsh Border drawings & paintings. Last week. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (incl. Sats.) Park Lane Hse, 45 Park Lane W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

S.E. ASIA: Fabian conference with Dr. Victor Purcell, Dorothy Woodman & Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. Chairman: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. June 7, from 2.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. (members 1s. 6d. in advance), from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HENRY Usborne, M.P., back from Moscow Conference. Alliance Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Wed., May 28, 8 p.m. Details: Crusade for World Government. TRA. 1519.

"PSYCHICAL Research: Past & Present." Dr. R. H. Thouless, Reader in Educational Psychology at Cambridge, delivers the 15th Myers Memorial Lecture to the Society for Psychical Research at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, June 4, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Open to the public. Adm. free.

PARLIAMENTARY Debate — Motion: "That this House has no Confidence in a Conservative Government." Proposer: Desmond Donnelly, M.P. (Labour). Opposer: Bernard Braine, M.P. (Conservative). Under auspices of the All Nations Social Club, Green Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Thursday, May 29, 8 p.m. The public may participate in the debate but must hand their names to the Party Whips before 7.50 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CROYDON Fabian Soc. De-mond Donnelly, M.P., "A Progressive Labour Policy." Tues., May 27, 8. Ruskin Hse., Wellesley Rd., Croydon.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tues., May 27, 7.30. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The De-nationalisation of Road Transport." Miss E. McCallough. Adm. 2s.

RACIAL Relations Group. Monday, May 26, at 7 p.m. 32 Tavistock Square. Discussion on compulsory education of coloured children. Speakers from W. Indies, W. Africa, Australia. Visitors welcome.

NOMADS Club, The Cranbourne, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Wanted—a new school tie." Future of education in a Socialist society discussed by Neville Sandelson, K.C.C. Thurs., May 29, 7.30 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

MALAYA: Hugh Carleton Greene at West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.1. Tues., May 27, 8 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Dr. S. M. Mamton F.R.S., F. Le Gros Clark, M.A., Jack Dunman on "New Soviet Construction Schemes." Tues. May 27, 8 p.m. 6d. B.S.F.S.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. "Picasso," a lecture with slides by Dr. Henry M. Roland. Wednesday, May 28 at 8 p.m. Chairman: Cecil Stephenson.

NORMAN Jones—"Etching." Hampstead Artists' Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3, 8 p.m. Tues., May 27.

H. J. BLACKHAM. "A Catholic Criticism of Humanism." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., May 25 at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (65 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., May 29, 7.30 p.m. "The Gita as a World Gospel." All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

QUESTION Hour for Conscientious Objectors, who are invited to put their questions to Fenner Brockway, M.P., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Bernard Withers (Sec., Central Board for Conscientious Objectors). Question-Master, the Rector of Bermondsey. Caxton Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. May 27, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free. All welcome. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism, Christianity and Humanism." Wed., May 28. Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Kibbutz In Crisis?" debate opened by Moshe Brayer (London corr. "Hador") and Menachem Gerson (London corr. "Al Hamishmar"), 8 p.m., May 25. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

"WHAT is Yoga?" Mrs. Doris Grooves. Sun., May 25, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. Mary Brown of "The Daily Mirror" on "The 'Human Problem' Column—Necessity or Nitwittery?" Wed., May 28. Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 25, E. Royston Pike. "The Religion of an Agnostic." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THE Central London Group of Dianeticists, which is in contact with both The Hubbard Foundation in America and the Dianetic Association in Britain, meets regularly in London for talks and discussion. For further information write the Secretary, George Hay, 22 Belsize Grove, London, N.W.3.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. May 25: "Everyday Occultism."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Les Animaux et les Plantes de l'Egypte Antique Recherches Nouvelles" will be delivered (in French) by Professor L. Keimer (Cairo) at 5.30 p.m. on May 27, 29 & June 3 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Rembrandt and his country in 1641" will be given by Professor van Regteren Altena (Amsterdam) at 5.30 p.m. on 4th and 6th June at Courtauld Inst. of Art, 20 Portman Sq., W.1. Free, without ticket.

BURTON Manor College, Burton, Wirral, Cheshire. Short Residential Courses, June-September, from 1 Guinea. Course 290, June 2-7, What's in a Play. Course 290, June 3-6, The Art of the Film—An introduction to Film Appreciation; Course 293, June 8-13, Creative Writing; Course 298, June 29-July 4, "Made for the Million," Press, Radio and Cinema; Course 299, June 29-July 4, Social Problems in Post War Britain; Course 300, July 9-11, Ensuring a Decent Course 301, July 6-11, An Introduction to Sociology; Course 302, July 14-25, An Introduction to the Study of Human Relations in Industry (designed for graduates who have recently entered industry); Course, 304, August 17-22, Plants and Animals in their Natural Surroundings. Course 305, August 17-22, The Appreciation of Music; Course 307, August 31-September 5, Chaucer's England; Course 308, August 31-September 5, Futurist Course in Economic Studies; Course 309, August 31-September 5, Problems of Modern Government; Course 311, September 7-12, Does it Follow? A Course in Clear Thinking; Course 314, September 14-19, Current Affairs—Modern Colonial Problems; Course 316, September 21-26, Britain's Architectural Heritage, III—The Changing Village. Fees: 15s. for week-ends, £4 5s. for five days, £10 for 12 days (reduced fees for Mersyside students). Application to the Warden, Burton Manor, Burton-in-Wirral, Cheshire.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel: Mayfair 4640/1805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons, beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8511/2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates, short or long Courses; enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with Fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of Innsbruck University. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 26gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses" to Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

CONDUCTING, Professor Hermann Scherchen takes a few pupils July-August Ischia (Italy). Enquiries: Linton, G.L.A. 9861.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses, with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students, canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 3904-5.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal Miss Eileen Alexander. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

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